THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

AUGUST, 1809.

CONTAINING

Statue of the late Duke of Bedford *Page* 207
Disputes between Gentlemen, on Points of Honour, &c. &c. 208
Man of Honour and the Honourable Man 208
On Duelling 209
Bettings for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster 210
Captain Brisac and his Companions, at Cheltenham 210
Vauxhall Sailing Match 211
Lord Ranelagh and Major Smith 211
Manchester Theatricals 212
Conflict between a French Peasant and an enormous Wolf 212
The Shooter's Guide 213
Death of Crab, the Pugilist 214
Court-Martial on Lieutenants Moore, Mayer, and M'Gregor 215
Trial on the Game Laws—Woodhams *v.* King 216
Amusements on the Lake of Windermere 217
Indian Red Deer 220
Tiger Fight at Lucknow 220
Battle between Richman and Maddox 221
Cropley and young Crib . 222
Trial of John Davison, Esq 222
Mr. Daniel Lambert 225
Middlesex Pastime 228
Sculpture on the Front of Covent-Garden Theatre ..... *Page* 229
Winners of Royal Plates at Nottingham 231
Identity of a Horse 233
Wiltshire Sporting Cause 234
Liability of public Carriages to Toll for repassing 236
Extraordinary Dutch-Pin Match 236
FEAST OF WIT 237
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE 241
Singular Circumstance 245
Canine Madness 246
Aquatic Sports 248

POETRY.

The Horse—a Song 249
The Jew Stockbroker—a Parody 249
The Sparring Match 250
Ode to a dead Jack-Ass 250
Edward and Ellen, a modern Sonnet 251
Extempore Lines on seeing a drunken Postillion dismount to whip his Horses 251
The Actress 251
Epitaph on a Miser and Cheat 252
The Entail—a Fable 252
Epitaph on John Wright 252

RACING CALENDAR 53

Embellished with—I. A highly-finished Engraving of the Statue of the late Duke of Bedford.—II. Red Deer, an Engraving.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE; R. ROGERS, NEWMARKET; MAYNARD, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

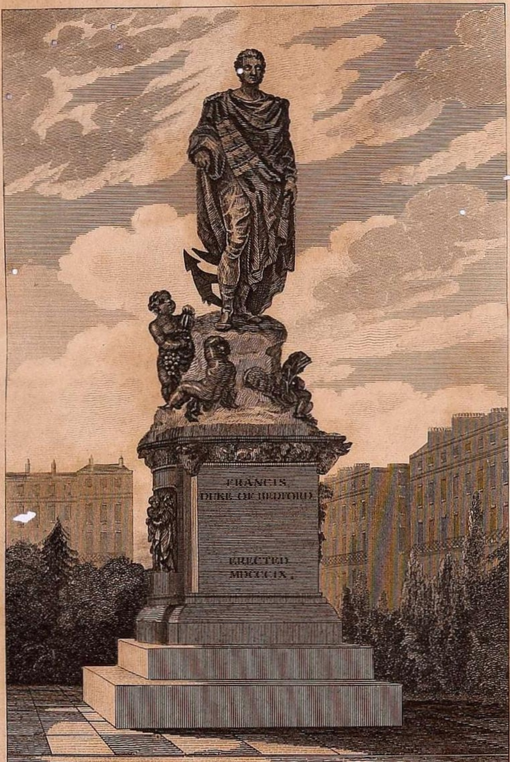
Several favours in hand, and others that are promised, shall all have due attention.

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

There is a set of people, and those of the most idle habits, that amuse themselves by writing nonsensical Letters to the Publishers of Magazines and Newspapers, and that by way (as they call it) of fun—and likewise in order wantonly, as they suppose, to put the Proprietors to the expence of Postage. These writing gentry should, however, be told, that in this case their purpose is defeated, as the Postage of such Letters is always returned, on their production at the General Post Office.

N. B. The above has no allusion to friendly hints, or even to reproofs in case of error or otherwise—they are always received with thanks.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



The Duke of Bedford's Statue.

Published by John Wheble Sept. 1. 1809.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR AUGUST, 1809.

STATUE OF THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

With an Engraving.

AT the beginning of the present month, the scaffolding and awning were removed from the statue erected in Russell-square, in honour of the late Duke of Bedford. The statue is colossal; the attitude well chosen, graceful, and manly; the folds of drapery are ample, yet sufficiently detailed. His Grace reposes one arm on a plough; the left hand holds the gifts of Ceres, conforming with the general plan of a monument intended to mark the Duke's patriotic fondness for agricultural pursuits. Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, personified in the endeared semblance of children, play round the feet of the statue, whose apparent magnitude seems augmented by the contrast.

The pedestal, in embellishments and size, is well adapted to the purposes of illustration and strength: to the four corners are attached bulls' heads, in very high relief; the cavity immediately beneath the upper moulding is adorned with herds of cattle in recumbent postures. On the curved sides are rural subjects in *basso relievo*: the first represents the preparation for the ploughman's dinner; the husbandman's wife, on her knees, attends the culinary department: a youth sounding a horn, two rustics, and a team of oxen at rest, finish the group.—The second composition is made up of reapers and gleaners, variously employed; the young woman in the centre is delineated with the comeliness and grace of a village favourite.—These enrichments, the four Seasons, and the statue of the Duke, are all cast in bronze, and so very successfully, that, with the polish of high finishing, they preserve the spirit of an original model. The massy material of the pedestal is Scotch granite, and, together with the superstructure, measures, from the level ground to the summit of the monument, twenty-seven feet.—The principal figure is nine feet high.

In decorating our present Number with this print, and at the same time admitting that the ornamental appendages of the statue are wholly agricultural, yet it must be remembered, that the Duke of Bedford was a *sportsman* as well as an *agriculturist*.

In the early Numbers of our Magazine, his Grace will be found to make no inconsiderable figure in the sporting world; and hence, on the score of propriety, we are warranted in the choice of this plate as a subject for our work.—On reference, the following articles and plates may be met with, exclusive of

of the various matches, &c. contained in the Racing Calendar; viz.

Race between the Duke of Bedford and Sir John Lade, (with a copper-plate)—Vol. I. No. 2. P. 22. Rac. Cal.

Duke of Bedford's Stables (with a copper-plate) — Vol. V. No. 29. P. 227.

Character of the Duke of Bedford —Vol. V. No. 29. P. 231.

Duke of Bedford's Death — Vol. XIX. No. 114. P. 327.

Portraits of the undermentioned Racers, belonging to his Grace, have likewise been given:—Dragon, in No. 35; Mufti, in No. 36; Grey Diomed, in No. 39.

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,
On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

MAN OF HONOUR, AND THE HONOURABLE MAN.

AS honour hath no outline, and as the consequences are multifarious which result from a breach of its obligations, it may not be altogether impertinent to make a few loose remarks, upon the various interpretations which the varied orders of society give to its letter and spirit: and to comprehend a subject even superficially, which regards the fulfilment of an obligation, is certainly better than to be utterly ignorant of its direction and bearings upon human action.

There is as much difference between a man of honour and an honourable man, as between *homme galant* and *galant homme*.

A man of honour has peculiar privileges, which are in some cases so powerful, as to change the very hue of passion, and openly destroy the first principles of virtue. He may debauch his friend's wife or daughter, and eventually plunder the husband, or father, at play, to the destruction of his future peace, yet he will not, in this tissue of vice, lose any of his claims upon the title of a man of honour: at any rate they will pass muster in the fashionable world, which, generally speaking, is the only world he troubles his head about.

The honourable man is actuated by other motives: he weighs the consequences of an action before he begins the operation, lest the indulgence of his desires should trespass upon the peace of his neighbour, or the security of society: he abhors gaming, because the impulse is not agreeable to the designs of generosity—he looks upon the fair sex with a mingled emotion of love and kindness, and shrinks from the cruel endeavour to make the yielding tendency of their hearts tributary to the ends of prostitution, notwithstanding that his forbearance may render him ridiculous in the contemplation of fashion.

The man of honour may exist, with local brilliancy, at the expence of the labouring and more worthy part of the community; and when his credit is on the eve of being stopped by the detention of his person, he has the privilege of becoming a Senator, and lifting his head above the haunts of captivity; while the honourable man makes his expences square with his revenue, lest he should be the unhappy means of breaking up the establishment of some industrious parent, whose family might fall to ruin, from his inability to liquidate the obligations of his conscience.

Among the disadvantages of civilisation, (for even civilisation has been partially detrimental to morals)

rals) is to be classed that deviation from a stern integrity, which has been engrafted by fashion upon the stock of manners, to the discomfiture of plain dealing.

Perhaps the best practical school for current honour is the army, where the delicateness of responsibility which attaches to its members, impels every man to guage, as it were, the feelings of his associates, before he hazards an expression, or action, which may admit of misconstruction. In the essential character of a soldier, every sentiment, not excepting those of genial love, must yield obedience to the paramount maintenance of an unquestioned honour—it is the soul of his condition, and the point of his eternal solicitude—it must exist untarnished and undamaged, and be delivered to his son (if he have any) as spotless as the milky path of Heaven. In this point of view, honour calls for universal respect, inasmuch as it makes the spirit of chivalry tributary to national virtue.

This honour, in an abstract sense, is social good; but is it so in an individual sense?—Let us hear the divine bard on this theme:—

"What is honour? a word. What is that word? air! a trim reckoning.—Who hath it? he that died on Wednesday.—Doth he feel it? No.—Doth he hear it? No.—Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead,—But will it not live with the living? No.—Why? Detraction will not suffer it; therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism."

ON DUELLING.

We have observed with much pleasure, that the absurd habit of duelling becomes less prevalent: and as this result is in perfect accordance with morals, it may not be altogether impertinent to make a few cursory remarks upon the probable causes of this diminution of practical folly.

The character of a professed duelist, had long since become obnoxious to the more thoughtful part of the community; not because it was redoubtable, but because it was ridiculous. It must be admitted that there are situations, in which a point of honour should be maintained, even at the hazard of existence; yet it is not necessary that such instances should be vulgarised by common practice. The purity of a soldier's honour, like that of a lady, must admit of no question upon its inviolability, as the character and safety of the state are, in some degree, interwoven with the required bravery of its officers: hence arises an admission of those delicate emotions of the heart, upon such a theme, which are not so broadly admissible in persons, whose agency is narrowed by their individual concerns; and the welfare of society demands that such distinctions should be established.

In a review of the social state of man, from the earlier ages to the present time, we have found that the operations of the baser passions of the bosom, have rendered a recourse to personal hostility more or less prevalent; and this has been equally evident, though in varied modes, among polished governments and savage tribes. It might have been expected, that the mild ethics of Christianity would have checked such barbarous impulses; but, unhappily, we have discovered, that envy, hatred, and jealousy, rise paramount in their violences, to the threatenings of the law, and the

the injunctions of the Gospel.—Under this conviction, it was deemed necessary to call in the aid of ridicule to assist both the magistrate and the priest, in the fulfilment of their duty and their desires.

"Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone."

Certainly the consequences of a duel cannot be the test of integrity, inasmuch as the aggrieved party is equally exposed with the aggriever; nor have we ever found that the worst fencer, or the worst shot, have been supernaturally assisted in their agency on such an occasion. As these facts are incontrovertible, on what efficient basis does the practice of duelling rest for its support? As strength of body, or habitual skill, are allowed to supersede the claims of moral justice, what wise or good man would be eager to justify an appeal to arms, that leaves no satisfaction upon his judgment?

As the impulses to duelling are, evidently, the fear of shame or the thirst of revenge, it becomes a sort of common duty to weaken both. No apprehension of shame should be allowed to exist, when the actions of the party were not correspondent with the fear: and in cases where a usual responsibility is attached to fathers, husbands, or brothers, for a violation of female decorum, the law alone should be the avenger, which takes ample cognisance of the offence, without incurring the risk of personal destruction in the maintenance of social propriety. W.

ST. LEGER STAKES.

THE following is a statement of the betting, at the close of York August Meeting, for the St. Leger Stakes:—

3 to 1 against Wizard.
6 to 1 against Sir Petronell.
6 to 1 against Ashton.
8 to 1 against Cervantes.
8 to 1 against Middlethorpe.
8 to 1 against Whitenose.
12 to 1 against Florival.
15 to 1 against Lisette.
100 to 6 against Wolsington.
100 to 4 against Æsculapius.
5 and 6 to 4 against any three.

IN the York August Meeting, 1809, Sir William Gerard's Fair Eleanor, by Hambletonian, and Mr. W. Fletcher's Miss Staveley, by Shuttle, were sold for 500gs. each; Cliffe, by St. George, was also sold, for 300gs.—The above three were sent off for Ireland, and we understand that they were purchased for the Marquis of Sligo.

Sir Thomas Teazle was likewise sold at the above Meeting, to Mr. Raine, for 400gs.

CAPTAIN BRISAC,

AND HIS COMPANIONS AT CHELTENHAM.

THE company and residents at this place are well pleased with the result of two prosecutions, tried at the last General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, holden for the county of Gloucester. The defendant was Mr. George Brisac, formerly Captain of his Majesty's ship the Iris, (*v.* East's Reports, vol. 4. p. 164). Mr. Brisac now resides at Cheltenham. In April last, he procured a set of workmen to erect four tall poles, with figures hung on them, in front of the villa of the Right Honourable Lady Mary Lindsay Crauford, accompanied with a drum

a drum and fife playing, a gun firing, and the noise of a rattle. These figures were left standing several days, not only to the annoyance of her Ladyship, but of all the company who frequent Mr. Thompson's public walks and rides, which surround the spot. Mr. Brisac, and four others, were indicted for this riotous proceeding, and after a long trial, were all found guilty. The Chairman addressed Mr. Brisac on the impropriety of his conduct; but as he had made an apology for himself and the other defendants, the Court only inflicted the fine of ten guineas.

VAUXHALL SAILING MATCH.

THE Annual Prize Cup, given by the proprietors of Vauxhall gardens, was sailed for, on Wednesday, the 9th instant, by the following gentlemen's pleasure boats, subject to the rules and regulations of the Cumberland Society:

1. Spitfire, Captain G. Cowel, four tons.
2. Daphne, Captain M. Bowyer, four tons.
3. St. George, Captain G. Gunston, seven tons.
4. Caroline, Captain J. Fellon, three tons.

Precisely at half past five o'clock, the boats started from Blackfriar's Bridge, to proceed up to Putney, and round a boat moored there, and then to return to Vauxhall-stairs.

On the first tack, the Caroline took the lead, and kept it until she got up to Putney; when, by an error committed by the man at the helm, instead of going round the beacon placed there, with the tide, she went against the current, and got into the eddy, by which means her further progress was, for some time, impeded. On the next larboard tack, the St. George shot a-head of the Caroline; and when off the Red-house at Chelsea, the Spitfire took the lead of both, and kept it; the latter came in for the prize about a quarter past eight o'clock.—Wind S. W.

This was the best contested sailing match ever witnessed; the Spitfire, at the close of the race, was not the length of her bowsprit a-head of the St. George; and the Caroline was close upon the stern of the latter; the Daphne had given up the chase long since.

The Thames was covered with sailing boats and wherries; the banks on both sides of the river were lined with spectators.

LORD RANELAGH AND MAJOR SMITH.

THE trial and conviction to which the following alludes, are reported in our Magazine for February last, vol. 33, page 255. The sentence of the Court in the term subsequent to that in which the trial took place, was as follows; viz. "That Major Smith, for the assault committed by him on the servant of Lord Ranelagh, and also for a breach of the peace, in sending a challenge to Lord Ranelagh himself, do, for the first offence, pay a fine of 5l. and that, for the second, he be imprisoned in the King's Bench Prison for the space of three months; and do, at the expiration of that period, find security to keep the peace, himself in 500l. and two sureties in 250l. each.

MAN-

MANCHESTER THEATRICALS,
Or, M'Cready's Misfortunes.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

THE friends of modest merit will be sorry to hear of the cause of the following address. — On the last night of the Manchester theatrical season, Mr. M'Cready came forward, and addressed a numerous and elegant audience in nearly the following words:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—This being the conclusion of the Season, I feel it incumbent upon me to return grateful thanks to you, and those who have honoured the Theatre with their support; at the same time I cannot help lamenting that the example has not been more generally followed, for it is a melancholy truth that, notwithstanding every possible effort which has been made, the performers that have been brought, at great salaries, and the pieces that have been produced, in a style, which permit me without vanity to say, I believe would not reflect discredit on a London Theatre; painful as it is to assert, it is the fact, that it has not been attended with success; indeed the result is quite the reverse of success, 'tis to me *utter ruin*; the money that I had in the funds, on coming here, which was not inconsiderable, is entirely exhausted; the property I brought, the fruits of my early industry, that is at this moment under seizure for rent; and for liberty that at this moment gives me the power of addressing you, I am obliged to two friends.—Thus situated, I despair of ever having the honour of appearing before you after this night.—The performers who have experienced your kindness, unite in offering their heartfelt acknowledgments; and wishing you that health, prosperity, and happiness, which have been strangers to many of us, we cordially and respectfully bid you—farewell."

CONFLICT BETWEEN A FRENCH PEASANT AND WOLF.

NO later since than Saturday, June 3, 1809, a wolf, of the largest size, came out of a wood in the department of the Eure, and rushed on some children of the commune of St. Clair. The ferocious animal seized a little girl, seven years of age, and tore her head and face in a shocking manner; when Peter Robert Felix Cheron, alarmed by the cries of the rest of the children, ran towards the wolf with a pitchfork. The wolf immediately leaving the child to attack him, he bravely stood, undismayed, to receive the enraged animal, and, with a well-aimed stroke, pierced him at the first push with his fork: however, it was only after a long struggle, during which the animal lost his strength and a great deal of blood, that he succeeded in knocking out one of its eyes; and his wife happening to arrive at the time with a bludgeon, she relieved and assisted him in killing the wolf on the spot.

The Prefect has ordered a gratuity to be paid to this courageous peasant; and, as is usual on occasions of public calamity, some pecuniary assistance to the poor woman, whose child fell a victim to the ferocity of the animal.

THE

THE SHOOTER'S GUIDE.

By B. Thomas.

WE have to notice another new publication on sporting subjects, and, as coming within our province, its full title is as follows: "The Shooter's Guide: containing the natural history of dogs; of breeding pointers and setters, with directions for training; diseases incident to dogs, and methods of cure, &c. The various fowling-pieces considered, and the best pointed out, with directions for charging the same: of shooting in general, with instructions to attain the art of shooting flying. The game laws, with remarks thereon; and every other information which can be in any way useful or necessary for the shooting sportsman: together with the best means to prevent poaching; and occasional remarks on Thornhill's Shooting Directory."

The contents of such a book, from such a title, may be easily guessed at: they embrace the dog; the pointer; the setter, or large land spaniel; the springer, or cock dog; breeding and training of dogs; training or breaking dogs for the gun; diseases incidental to dogs; laws relating to dogs; the grouse, partridge, pheasant, woodcock, and snipe; the hare; the fowling-piece; of the stock, lock, &c.; gunpowder; of shot; the proportions of powder and shot in the charge; of the wadding; of shooting; wild duck shooting; game laws; qualification; certificate for killing game; destroying game at improper seasons of the year; destroying game in the night, on Sundays, or on Christmas-day; destroying the eggs of winged game; buying and selling game; tracing hares in the snow, and of taking them in snares: of the appointment, office, and authority of a gamekeeper; the law relating to rabbits; the law relating to pigeons; method of recovering penalties under the game laws; of committing trespass in pursuit of game; remarks on the game laws; technical terms."

By way of introduction, the author tells us, that "the idea of compiling the following pages arose from a conviction of the want of such a book; and this idea was much strengthened from the perusal of 'Thornhill's Shooting Directory:' which, though forming a ponderous quarto volume, contains but little matter worthy the attention of the shooter. This book was published in 1804, yet it did not fall into my hands till the month of January, 1807; and though I very much disapprove of it, still I shall forbear in this place to point out its defects, as that would, perhaps, appear invidious.

"Now, although in the following pages I am not vain enough to suppose myself capable of giving instruction to the experienced sportsman, yet, I trust, much will be found worthy of his attention. As to the juvenile shooter (for which this book is more particularly written) I am confident he will find plain and easy rules here laid down, that will enable him, with a little practice, to become a proficient in this delightful recreation."

From the title of this volume, as given above, we were led to believe that it was actually an abridgment of Mr. Thornhill's book, and published by himself, or at his request; but as the expression used in the introduction, alluding to Mr. Thornhill's Shooting Directory, "and though I very much disapprove," &c. implies a censure on that work, we

we can scarcely believe Mr. Thornhill would in such words condemn his own production. If Mr. T. has nothing to do with the publication in question, we cannot help reproaching the compiler for speaking so disrespectfully of an author, to whom he appears indebted for a considerable portion of his materials. Mr. Thornhill's book, as we have upon a former occasion observed, contains much useful information: and with regard to its "*ponderous*" size, handsome editions of books are necessary, to adorn the libraries of gentlemen, and it is not every one that will give a preference to *pocket volumes.*

Having said thus much, we shall content ourselves with allowing, that the present small volume, as far as we have looked into it, appears to be put together with judgment and industry, and contains a selection that will be found both entertaining and useful. But let not the compiler condemn elegant editions of books—let him look to the early 4to. edition of Daniel's Rural Sports, and the Sportsman's Cabinet, with the exquisite engravings, by Scott, to be found in these works: can the national taste be improved with such specimens as these in a pocket volume? certainly not. Small and cheap editions of books are laudably printed, to suit the narrowed resources of those that cannot afford to purchase works of magnitude and expence; but this tells nothing against rich and beautiful editions, which not only do honour to the taste and talents of those with whom they originate, but likewise to the public spirit of the bookseller, who adventures his capital to present them in such garb to the public.

DEATH OF A PUGILIST.

JUNE the 18th, the once celebrated Elisha Crab, who for some years shone a bright luminary of the pugilistic school, paid the debt of nature, after a very short notice, on board a Gravesend boat, on his return to London. This hero was an elder of the science, and after the revival of scientific pugilism, by the contests of Humphries and Mendoza, Ryan and Johnson, and many other champions of note, he was one of the most dazzling *brilliants* in the gymnastic ring; long before the Game Chicken was *hatched* into notice, or the Belchers, the Gullys, the Cribs, or the Gregsons, were so much as heard of, Wimbledon Common, the hollow at Islington, Fair-Mead Bottom, and all the favourite boxing grounds, were often the scenes of his prowess; and the late Duke of Hamilton, with all the noble amateurs of the art in his day, were frequent witnesses of his achievements.

Tough as the tree whose name he bore, and *sour* as its fruit to the feelings of his antagonists, he was allowed to be one of the most troublesome customers to his rivals in the contest for victory, and to serve out his blows with a rapidity, dexterity, and effect, rarely equalled, and seldom excelled, by men of his weight and inches. His first conflict in the pugilistic line was with *Death,** at Blackheath, whom (strange to tell) he conquered.—After years devoted to the pursuit of pugilistic glory, and after alternately beating Bob Watson, the Bristol man; Solley Sodickey, the Jew; Jones, an Irishman; Jack Lee, the Whitechapel butcher, &c. &c. he was beat at Horton in the

* Stephen Oliver *alias* Death, a very noted pugilist of that time.

Moors,

Moors, by the noted Tom Tyne, the tailor. He then resigned his profession of the *fist*, and from a man of war became an *officer of peace*, under the city marshal of London, in which situation he conducted himself with much propriety, never commencing *hostilities*, but, like a wise commander, for the attainment of tranquility, never wielding the weapons of *war* but for the *maintenance* of *peace*. His quick eye beamed a terror to the light-fingered corps, who daily ply about the Bank and Royal Exchange, on the lurk for booty; and his keen scent shrewdly *nosed* the secret haunts of "scamps, divers, house-breakers, all upon the lay." But, like many a hero before him, his "race was run," and *Death*, the universal victor, who, sooner or later, levels all heroism with the dust, after *sparring* a few short *rounds* with poor Crab in a slight illness, at last put in a *finishing blow*.

COURT-MARTIAL,

ON LIEUTENANTS MOORE, MAYER, AND M'GREGOR.

Horse-Guards, Aug. 1, 1809.

AT a General Court-Martial, held at Stafford, on the 10th of April, 1809, and continued by adjournments to the 15th of the same month, Lieutenant Moore, of the 45th regiment; and Lieutenant M'Gregor, of the 38th regiment of foot, were arraigned upon the following charges; viz.

Charge against Lieutenants Moore and Mayer.

"For behaving in a scandalous manner, such as was unbecoming the character of Officers and Gentlemen, on the night of the 3d of March, 1809, at Stafford, by abusing each other, and calling each other opprobrious names, and afterwards fighting together in the public street, and by appearing in a state of intoxication, raising a riot and disturbance, and engaging in an affray in the public street."

Charge against Lieutenants Mayer and M'Gregor.

"For behaving in a scandalous and infamous manner, such as is unbecoming the character of Officers and Gentlemen, on the night of the 3d of March, 1809, at Stafford, by abusing Lieutenant Moore, at the door of a public house, and in the public street, and endeavouring, by opprobrious words, to provoke him, Lieutenant Moore, to fight with Lieutenant Mayer; and afterwards engaging in the public streets, in consequence of which they were confined in the black hole; all which conduct is a breach of their duty as officers, and to the prejudice of good order and military discipline."

Lieutenants Moore and Mayer were found guilty of the first charge, with the exception of the crime of intoxication, as far as relates to Lieutenant Moore. — Lieutenant Mayer was also found guilty of that part of the second charge, which expresses the endeavouring, by opprobrious words, to provoke Lieutenant Moore to fight him.

For which Lieutenants Moore and Mayer were sentenced to be *dismissed his Majesty's service*; but the Court were of opinion, that the charge alledged against Lieutenant M'Gregor was not sufficiently proved, and therefore acquitted him; which sentence his Majesty has been pleased to approve and confirm. The Commander in Chief has therefore directed, that the

 charges

charges exhibited against Lieutenants Moore, Mayer, and M'Gregor, together with the sentence of the Court, shall be read at the head of every Corps, and entered in the orderly books.

WOODHAMS versus KING.

A TRIAL ON THE GAME LAWS,
At the Sussex Assizes held at Lewes, Monday, August 7, 1809.

THIS was an action of trespass, for sporting on the plaintiff's land after notice, and has arisen out of a contest which has embroiled part of this county for a considerable time. The real plaintiff was Mr. Harben, who resides at Corsica-hall, and the defendants are farmers of respectability.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd, for the plaintiff, described the trespass as one of the most aggravated; he stated that the defendants, in company with several others, rode over the plaintiff's grounds, not merely with a view of sporting, but with a design totally to extirpate the game. For this purpose they not only had greyhounds and lurchers, but also were accompanied by no less than twelve or fourteen beagles. How they could have conducted themselves in a manner more destructive to the game, he was at a loss to know, unless they hired half a dozen fellows with guns to shoot all they would otherwise miss. The plaintiff, Woodhams, he said, was tenant to Mr. Harben, and that gentleman being out on the 28th of February last, saw the whole of the cavalcade on his grounds. He remonstrated with them upon it, but was treated with most gross and vulgar abuse, instead of redress. He should shew that Mr. Harben merely desired to know their names, when he was called "scoundrel, villain," and the most opprobrious names scurrility could invent. He trusted, however, the Jury, by their verdict, would put an end to this sort of intemperate conduct of the defendant and his friends.

Henry Reeds, a servant to Harben, said, he served notice on the defendant not to sport on the lands of the plaintiff, on the 19th of February last; he was not sure that it was addressed to the defendant by the plaintiff. The rest of the notice, except the address, was in Mr. Harben's hand-writing.

It was proved that a party was out sporting on the 28th of February last, and that the defendant was on a piece of rape seed belonging to the plaintiff, whither he went after his brother, who was quarreling with Mr. Harben.

Mr. Marryatt, for the defendant, told the Jury, that so far from the defendant having committed an aggravated trespass, that this was one of the most unfounded actions ever brought into a Court of Justice.—The real plaintiff was Mr. Harben, who, it was true, had received some hard names from the defendant; but as the Jury probably knew him, they could best tell whether he deserved them or not. The defendant, who was a very large farmer, had, in company with his neighbours and friends, gone out sporting on the 28th of February last; they held amongst them between 2 and 3000 acres of land, and had no intention whatever of trespassing on any land belonging to Mr. Harben; in fact they had never gone into any of his land, when he thought proper to come up to them, and attack them in a very unwarrantable manner. This produced

duced an altercation with Mr. T. King, not the defendant, but his brother, and, by degrees as they went on, they went off the bounds of the defendant's land into the land of the plaintiff. When they got there, the defendant, R. King, got off his horse, and went into the field, to prevent any contention between his brother and Harben.—The moment he got into the field, Harben exclaimed, "Ah, ah, old Dicky, I've got you at last; you have now committed trespass, and you shall pay for it." He should also call witnesses, who would prove that the defendant was the nephew of the nominal plaintiff; that they lived on the best possible terms of friendship; and that when Woodhams was remonstrated with upon his conduct, in warning his nephew off his land, he declared he was totally ignorant of its being done. He said, at the request of Harben, he had signed some blank notices; but, so far from intending to warn the defendant off the ground, he was perfectly welcome to sport and shoot there as much as he liked.

Two witnesses, of the name of Hichins and Hardwick, proved, that they were sporting on their own and the defendant's grounds, and that they had no intention of trespassing on any person's lands; that they were followed and annoyed by Harben, in consequence of which an altercation took place, in which angry language passed on both sides; that Harben rode past them repeatedly, and looked in their faces; one of them told him, he would see no face worse than his own, &c. At last Thomas King and Harben went into a clover field belonging to the plaintiff, and Richard King, the defendant, followed; upon which Harben said, "What Dicky, have I caught you in a trespass at last?" The defendant's brother also proved, that the plaintiff declared he never meant to warn them off his land, and the notice had been given by Harben without his knowledge.

The Lord Chief Baron held, that a notice so given was not notice at all, and observed, if they believed the defendant's witnesses, although a trespass had been committed, yet the smallest damages would satisfy the justice of the case.

Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, *Sixpence.*

AMUSEMENTS ON THE LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

WINDERMERE REGATTA.

THIS Annual Festivity commenced on Tuesday the 25th of July, by a ball, at the White Lion Inn, in Bowness, which was very numerously attended, and where two rooms, elegantly fitted up, with evergreens, &c. were appropriated to dancing, and connected together by an awning decorated with coloured lamps, which had a beautiful effect. At a late hour the company separated.——On Wednesday morning, they, together with an immense concourse of strangers from all parts of the country, assembled at the Ferry-house, and on the borders of the Windermere, to witness one of the most enchanting scenes that the imagination can paint,—the Lake covered with sailing and rowing boats of different constructions, and of various forms of rigging. By a signal gun fired at a quarter before eleven, the sailing boats were called together to prepare for starting; and at the hour of eleven precisely, by another signal gun, they proceeded to

sail

sail twice round a buoy that was moored at the distance of about three miles from the uppermost buoy. Notwithstanding every thing promised in point of weather, to favour the sports, yet before the boats had proceeded half a mile there came on one of the most tremendous storms of thunder and lightning, attended with incessant rain, that was ever witnessed, and which lasted without interruption until a late hour of the evening.—This did not, however, deter the boats from proceeding to their destination,—and the race between the two largest boats, viz. Mr. Bolton's Victory, and Mr. Wilson's (of Elleray) Endeavour, (the only two boats that could in point of dimensions be considered as competitors for the prize), was excellent, and ended in favour of the former.——The gentlemen afterwards, to the number of eighty and upwards, dined together in a large tent provided for the purpose at the Ferry, where many loyal and constitutional toasts were drank, and the whole conducted with the greatest hilarity and good humour.——An excellent band of music, provided by the Steward, contributed greatly to the festivity of the scene.——The evening continuing wet, many rowing matches were prevented.

The next day the company, together with several others from a distance, were entertained at Storrs Hall, by the Steward, John Bolton, Esq. with an elegant ball and supper, where every ornament that art could suggest was displayed with a taste that cannot be described.

The dancing commenced at eight o'clock, and lasted until three in the morning. The supper was served about twelve o'clock, when the company, to the amount of one hundred and fifty persons, sat down in two spacious rooms to every delicacy and rarity that the season could afford.

A correspondent informs us, that on Thursday, after a fair start, the wind being more steady, the Endeavour sailed round the Victory with ease, being apparently a far superior boat in every respect.

WINANDERMERE SAILING CLUB.

On Wednesday morning, the 9th inst. the Second Annual Meeting of the Winandermere Sailing Club was held at Water-Head, near Ambleside, at eleven o'clock, *a. m.* Before twelve, the banks of the lake were covered with a great assemblage of beauty and fashion, who were received by the members in a tent, elegantly fitted up for the occasion. Precisely at twelve, it was announced by the herald, that a magnificent flag was to be awarded to the swiftest sailing decked boat. No boat appearing to dispute the prize with Mr. Wilson's Endeavour, the flag was hoisted on the foremast of that vessel.

The Club-barge, Dreadnought, built by Mr. Stephen Davis, of Oxford, manned by ten rowers, in appropriate dresses, steered by Mr. Astley, Senior Captain, and "triumphantly freighted with charms," was seen gliding on the bosom of the lake, in support of the challenge of one hundred guineas, which she had given. No boat dared to oppose her.

A beautiful race then took place between three open sailing-boats, which would evidently have terminated in favour of Mr. William Garnett's Liverpoolian, had not a sudden

sudden and partial change of the wind favoured the Roscoe.

A match for fifty guineas was to have taken place between Mr. John Astley's Rambler, and Mr. Wilson's Clyde; but the Rambler having carried away her foremast in a heavy squall, in coming to her station, was obliged to decline the contest. yet was safely brought to an anchor, by the well-known skill of Mr. Moore.

The Wherry Match, for twenty guineas, rowed by members of the Club, was won by the Swift, built by Mr. Cowan, of Whitehaven.

A prize given by the Club, to the Ambleside row-boats, was gained by the Harriet, belonging to Miss Penny, of Gale-House, which boat afterwards beat Mr. Humphreys's (Junior Captain) Burgomaster.

The prize for the Bowness fishing-boats was gained, after an excellent contest, by George Robinson. Mr. Ullock's new boat, the Eliza, challenged any boat of her dimensions on the lake, which challenge was not accepted.

The sports on the water being concluded, three several prizes were adjudged to the best wrestler, leaper, and runner; in which contests, unexampled strength, agility, and swiftness, were displayed. The first was won by a youth of the name of Nicholson, from Threlkeld, in Cumberland, after having vanquished several powerful opponents. The two others were won by Cooper, from Stavely.

The day was in all respects propitious, a strong breeze from W. N. W.

By six *p. m.* all the equipages had left the ground, and the members of the Club retired to dine at the Salutation Inn, Ambleside; at which house the Assembly-room was elegantly and appropriately decorated, for the reception of the company, who honoured the Club with their presence to a ball, which was opened, at nine, by Miss Wilson, Lady-Patroness, and the Senior Captain.

In justice to Mr. Bellasis, of Bowness, we cannot omit mentioning the beautiful transparency of a schooner, from his pencil, which ornamented the head of the room.

At one o'clock, the company sat down to an elegant supper, tastefully prepared by Mr. Wilcock; after which the dancing recommenced with additional spirit; nor was the slightest inclination to depart visible, until the orb of day illumined the summits of the surrounding mountains.

During the course of the evening, several songs were admirably sung by the Minstrel; among others, the following, composed for the occasion, by Mr. Astley:—

NIL TIMEO.

A Song, addressed to John Wilson, Esq. Captain of the Winander Sailing Club, instituted in 1803.

Tune...." To Anacreon in Heaven."

For ages, Winander, unsought was thy shore,
Nought disturb'd thy fair stream, save the fisherman's oar;
Nor freighted with charms, did the gay painted boat,
To the soft beat of music, triumphantly float;
When the Goddess of Love
View'd the scene from above,
And determin'd from Cyprus her court to remove;
Then selected a FEW, who were skilful and brave,
Her daughters to guard on the Westmoreland wave.

Tho' for far distant regions we ne'er set our sails,
Thy breast, O Winander, encounters rude gales,

When

When the swift whirlwind rushes from Langdale's dark form,
Ev'n the weather-worn sailor might start at the storm;
Yet in vain yields the mast
To the force of the blast,
While the heart to the moorings of courage is fast,
For the sons of Winander are skilful and brave,
Nor shrink from the threats of the Westmoreland wave.

To us are consign'd the gay *fete* and the ball,
Where *beauty* enslaves, whom no dangers appal,
For when *she* submission demands from our crew,
Nil Timeo must strike, conqu'ring Cupid, to you.
Then, alas! we complain
Of the heart-rending pain,
And confess that our motto is boasting and vain;
Tho' the Sons of Winander are skilful and brave,
Their flag must be bow'd to the *Gems* of the wave.

To us it is given to drain the deep glass;
The hours of the midwatch thus cheerfully pass:
Our Captain commands, we with pleasure obey,
And the dawning of morn only calls us away;
On our sleep-sealed eyes,
Soon soft visions arise,
From the black fleet of sorrow we fear no surprise,
For the sons of Winander are joyous and brave,
And proud rides their flag on the Westmoreland wave.

Whene'er we pass o'er, without compass, the line,
'Tis *Friendship* that blows on an ocean of wine;
The breakers of Discord ne'er roar on the lee,
At the rudder while *Love*, *Wine*, and *Friendship* agree;
Thus let us combine
Love, Friendship, and Wine,
On our bark then the bright star of pleasure shall shine;
For the sons of Winander are faithful and brave,
And long may their sports grace the Westmoreland wave.

INDIAN RED DEER.

THIS Engraving is taken from a picture, painted by Mr. Chalon for the Duchess of York, to whom the deer was sent as a present from India. The buck was very much injured, from accidental hurts on board the ship during the passage, and this was supposed to have occasioned his death, which happened soon after his arrival at Oatlands.—The doe fawned a few days after being there, and the fawn is said to have been a most beautiful little creature in its form and colours, varying in some particulars from its parents.

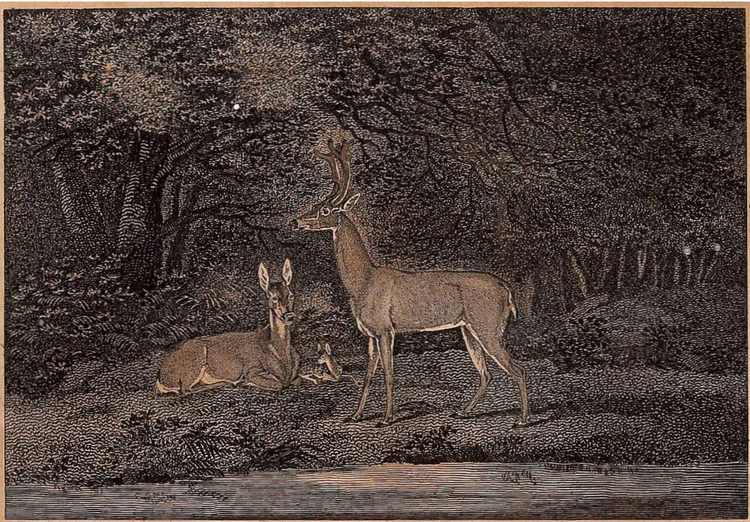
The affection which many animals in so eminent a degree discover for each other, was strikingly exhibited in these, for from the time of the buck's death the doe began to pine, and continued so till it occasioned her own also, which was soon followed, as might be expected, by that of the fawn.

TIGER FIGHT AT LUCKNOW.

LORD Valentia, in his late travels, gives several instances of the generosity and perception of the elephant.

"I breakfasted," says he, "at Lucknow, with the Nawaub, in order to be present at a tiger-fight. A space of about fifty feet square had been fenced off on the plain, in front of a building, open in the Asiatic style, raised about twenty feet from the ground, covered with a lattice-work of bamboos round the sides, several feet high, lest the tiger, by a violent spring, should make his way amongst the spectators.

"The tiger, placed at first in a small



H.B. Chalon pinx.t H.R. Cook sculp.t

Indian Red Deer.

Published Aug.st 1. 1809, by J. Wheble Warwick Square.

small cage on one side, was driven from thence by fireworks. He took several turns round the area, and eyed us most accurately. A buffalo was now driven in, on which he quickly retired into a corner; the other watched him, but did not seem inclined to commence the attack. By fireworks, the tiger was several times obliged to move, when the buffalo invariably advanced a little towards him, but on his lying down, stopped and eyed him for some time. Seven other buffaloes were now introduced, but with all our excitements, we could not induce either party to commence the attack. A dog was thrown into the area by some one; he retreated into a corner, into which the tiger also was soon driven by the fireworks; but on the little animal's snarling at him, he quickly retired to another corner.

"The Nawaub then sent for an elephant. The first approach of this beast caused the tiger to give a cry of terror, and to run into a corner, where, by a spring, he attempted to leap over the fence. In this he failed, and the elephant approaching by direction of his rider, attempted to throw himself on his knees on the tiger. This the latter avoided, and immediately ran to another place. All the exertions of the rider could not induce the elephant to make a second attack, but advancing to the gate, he began to push against it, and soon made his way good. The tiger did not attempt to take advantage of the opening, but lay panting in a corner. A second elephant was now introduced, who immediately rushed towards the tiger, and made a kneel at him. The tiger, however, sprang on his forehead, where he fixed by his teeth and claws, till the animal, raising his head, with a violent jerk dashed him on the ground, so completely bruised that he was not able to rise. The elephant did not choose to stay to pursue his victory, but rushing against the side of the inclosure with his tusks, raised up the whole framework of timber and bamboos, and a great number of people hanging on it. The alarm was great, and they scrambled off as soon as possible. The elephant made his way through, fortunately hurting no one, and the tiger was too much exhausted to follow. The sun was now far advanced, and the heat so considerable, that the fight was adjourned *sine die*."

BATTLE BETWEEN RICHMAN AND MADDOX.

THE battle betwixt these pugilists was fought on Friday afternoon, the 9th instant, at Pope's Head Watch-house, on the coast between Margate and Reculvers, for 100 guineas, in the presence of about three thousand spectators. The pugilists are both gone by their day of activity, and Maddox in a *turn up* with Richman on Wimbledon Common, in the same ring that the Game Chicken vanquished Burke, beat him in a few minutes (*See* SPORTING MAG. *Page* 214, *for January* 1804—*Vol.* XXIII). It is almost superfluous to observe, that Maddox has been a boxer of no mean note for the last twenty-five years, and has combated all the champions as they entered the list, viz. Crib, Pittone, &c. &c. Although but little disparity in age, Richman has not been of much note until recently; but he is a scientific shy boxer; and Maddox may be denominated a *ruffian of*

terror rather than a skilful pugilist. A twenty-seven feet square was formed with ropes, and Gully and Gibbons seconded Maddox, and Clark and young Ward officiated as second and bottle-holder for Richman.

THE BATTLE.

At the commencement of the battle, betting was 5 and 6 to 4 on Maddox, but the first round brought it to even. Maddox went in with his characteristic rush of gaiety, but Richman stopped him, and hit him twice on the neck with his right hand, the last of which dropped Maddox. In the second round Maddox rallied, and after putting in a hit, threw Richman out of the ring over the ropes; but this was momentary success, for the third was a fighting round, in which Richman displayed a superiority of science and strength, by waiting, hitting, and throwing his adversary, to the astonishment of the spectators. Maddox fought with gaiety and determined bottom half an hour, but he was even then fighting at a disadvantage, for Richman either fought or got away as circumstances required.

After ten rounds had been fought, betting was 3 and 4 to 1 on Richman, and the head of Maddox was hideously disfigured. The battle, however, was made safe in less than half an hour, Maddox having shewn symptoms of distress. He fought afterwards under every disadvantage of wind, strength, and science; but, although his backers were satisfied, he continued the combat until it had lasted fifty-two minutes, when he was led away a frightful spectacle. Maddox, perhaps, displayed as much game as ever was witnessed; for when on his knees, within a minute or two of the close of the battle, and quite blind, by a sudden effort of nature, he jumped and held himself round the neck of Richman with one hand, whilst he dealt out blows with the other, until so exhausted, that he fell motionless. A liberal subscription was set on foot for the loser.

BETWEEN CROPLEY AND YOUNG CRIB.

Another sharp scientific short battle was fought for a subscription purse, between these professors. It lasted but sixteen minutes, but it was all downright scientific hard fighting. Crib, who is the brother of the celebrated professor, and who once fought Horton, had the best of hitting at the commencement, but Cropley, who is on a rank with Dutch Sam and young Belcher, had too much strength and science, and Crib, after trying every thing he could, resigned the combat. Cropley, however, was the most punished, the youth and activity of Crib having at first baffled him.

THE TRIAL OF JOHN DAVISON, ESQ.

AT the Somerset Summer Assizes, held at Bridgewater, on Monday, August 14th, a trial came on, which excited the greatest interest, and occasioned the Court to be crowded at an early hour. It was tried before Mr. Justice Lawrence, and was an indictment against John Davison, Esq. a Captain of the Royal Marines, for stealing out of the shop of Mr. Bunter, of Taunton, a piece of muslin value 30s.——Mr. Gaselee opened the indictment.—Mr. Jekyll then stated the circumstances of the case to the

the Jury, and observed, he had seldom, in the discharge of his professional duty, a more painful task to perform, than to detail the evidence which he should have to adduce, in order to substantiate the indictment, which charged a prisoner of this rank in life with a felony; the facts were few, short, but cogent, and, he feared, irresistible; he stated them shortly, but added, they would come more clearly from the witnesses than from any statement of his; and he would proceed to call them. The first witness was

Alexander Baller; who said—I am an apprentice to Mr. James Bunter, of Taunton; I know Captain Davison; he came to my master's house on the 25th of July, at half past seven in the morning; there was no one in the shop but myself; he asked if Mr. Bunter was up, I told him he was, and on that he went away; Mr. Bunter came into the shop in about five minutes, but on seeing some one go by with whom he wished to speak, he walked out towards the parade, and Capt. Davison came in immediately after; I was cleaning the windows on the outside of the shop; on Capt. D.'s going into the shop, I followed him; he asked to look at the muslins he had seen the night before, and walked to the lower end of the shop, to the counter on the right hand, and I carried him ten or twelve pieces as he was sitting on the counter; he took the first piece I shewed him in his hand, and very carelessly laid it by his side, and he did the same to some other pieces; after looking at them some time, he went towards the door; before that he had thrown his handkerchief upon four or five of the pieces which he had folded up; when at the door, he asked me how the handkerchief he had on looked, and whether we had any of the same? I told him we had none. He asked me then for a looking-glass; I told him we had none but what were fixed, but if he would walk into the parlour, he might see there; to this he made no reply; he then sat down in a chair rather below where the muslin was, and asked to look at some stockings about 5s. a pair for his brother; before this I had taken away the pieces of muslin that were not covered over; there was at this time a piece under his handkerchief, which I could plainly perceive; I took him out some stockings from the opposite side of the shop, but kept my eyes on him, and I observed him draw his handkerchief from the counter into his lap with both his hands; I observed the muslin was still under the handkerchief as he drew it towards him; he then asked for some fashionable waistcoats; I went across to the other counter to get him some; my face was towards him, and I observed him take up the handkerchief and squeeze it together, and put it under the left lapel of his coat; he took the patterns of the waistcoat, as he said he wished to shew them first to Yandell, his tailor; at this time his arm was over his coat, towards his lapel where he had put the handkerchief, and he walked out of the shop; Mr. Bunter came into the shop whilst Davison was there, but staid but two or three minutes; I missed the first piece of muslin I had shewn him immediately after his going out; they were marked with O | G S | R; the S had been altered, it had been an I; when I missed the muslin, I rang the bell, and Mr. Bunter came; I described to him what had happened, and the

 par-

particular piece which was missing, and added, that Davison was gone to Yandell's; Mr. Bunter went to Yandell's through Hammet-street; I went out and saw Davison standing at Mr. Bluett's shop door; when I saw that Capt. Davison was not gone to Yandell's, I called to Mr. Bunter aloud, and Capt. D. walked towards the market-house, towards his own lodgings; at the time I shewed Captain Davison the first piece, I took notice of the mark. —— *Cross-examined by Serjeant Pell:* I had seen the piece of muslin lost the preceding evening; Captain Davison had purchased a yard of ribbon the day before; on my calling to Mr. Bunter, Davison returned from Bluett's shop.

Charles Sutton, constable of Taunton:—I went in company with another constable to search the house of Mr. Owen; we first went into a bed-chamber, and then into a drawing room; Capt. D. was not there; when before the Justice, he desired to sleep in his bed-room at Mr. Owen's; in the chamber there was a trunk with Capt. Davison's name on it on a brass plate; we broke it open, and found in it a piece of muslin [*produces it*]; Captain Davison desired of me to have the things found in the trunk which were not owned returned to him, particularly a pocket-book containing papers; when he came back from the Justice, he asked for the trunk; I told him I had taken it to my house; the muslin was out of my hand, but never out of my house.

Alex. Baller identified the muslin to be the same lost, and that it was Mr. Bunter's property.

Mr. Bunter:—The marks on the muslin are my writing; the muslin is my property, and worth more than 30s.; in ten minutes after the search the muslin was brought to me, and I knew it; I am certain I had a piece of this quantity, six yards and a quarter, on the 25th of March, when I took stock, and no other piece of that price and quantity, and I have never sold that piece.

A. Baller (called again) said he had never sold that piece.

Here the evidence for the prosecution closed.

The following witnesses were then called to the character of the prisoner, by Mr. Serjeant Pell:

Colonel Mears:—I have known him about twelve months; I always considered him as a man of high honour and strict propriety of conduct.

T. Woodford, surgeon, of Taunton, said the character of the prisoner was perfectly clear; he knew no stain on it.

Mr. Bryant knew the prisoner two years; his character had been that of a strictly honest and honourable man.

Rev. Mr. Townsend, of Taunton: —His character has been that of a strictly honest man; I have known him two years.

Rev. Francis Hunt Clapp:—I never heard of a stain on his character.

Mr. Studley, standard-surgeon, at Taunton:—I never knew the least aspersion on his character till this transaction.

Rev. Mr. Webber.—I have always considered him as an honest man, and that has been his general character.

Mr. Justice Lawrence then summed up the evidence, and told the Jury, however they might lament that a gentleman of the prisoner's condition in life, holding the rank of a Captain in the Royal Marines, and who had borne a high and honourable

honourable character till the present time, should on the present occasion have forfeited that character, and have forgotten his situation; that it was their duty, if they were satisfied with the evidence they had heard, to find him Guilty, however painful the discharge of that duty might be; and that character, in cases where a fair doubt could be entertained, ought to have considerable weight with a Jury; but, on the contrary, where the facts were clear, and established by credible witnesses, however good the character of the prisoner might have been up to the time of committing the felony, it was no excuse for the commission of it; and unless they could say that the prisoner, at the time of drawing his handkerchief from the counter with both his hands, as the witness Baller stated, was ignorant that the muslin was contained in it, he did not know how to state to them a ground of doubt; the muslin, as they saw, was of considerable bulk, and not likely to be contained in a silk handkerchief without its being perceived by the prisoner; and if they thought so, it was their duty to say that he was guilty.

The Jury immediately pronounced a verdict of *Guilty*.

The prisoner was dressed in a blue coat with gilt basket buttons, striped waistcoat, and nankeen trowsers, and was ironed on one leg. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, thin person, five feet nine inches high, of a fair complexion, and wore his hair powdered. He had the air of a gentleman, and seemed much oppressed by his disgraceful situation.—— He was sentenced to be *transported for seven years*.

MR. DANIEL LAMBERT.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE inclosed anecdotes of the late Mr. Daniel Lambert will, no doubt, be acceptable to your much-admired Magazine. The insertion will much oblige your constant reader, M. W.

Mr. Daniel Lambert was born at Leicester, in the year 1769: During the younger period of his life, no particular circumstances worthy of record occurred. He was apprenticed to a die-sinker and engraver, and, until he arrived at the age of nineteen, he was not of more than ordinary bulk; neither were his parents, nor any of his family, above the common stature. The rapidly-increasing size of Mr. Lambert, after this period, cannot be attributed to want of exercise, for he was, on the contrary, remarkably active, took great pleasure in field sports, and particularly delighted in shooting.

To the breed of dogs, Mr. Lambert paid the most marked attention, and the delight he received from that celebrated Leicestershire Nimrod, Mr. Meynell, first impressed his mind with the love of that faithful and sagacious animal. Mr. Lambert perceived, that there was no hound in Mr. Meynell's pack whose tongue his master did not instantly recognise, nor any one which did not obey his master's voice.

Until Mr. L. became too corpulent for riding on horseback, he partook of the pleasures of the chase with inexpressible delight; and even after that event, frequently accompanied the hounds to cover, receiving

receiving high gratification from a view-halloo.

The improvement of the breed of spaniels and setters, was the peculiar object of Mr. Lambert; and to such a degree of celebrity had his name attained in consequence of his exertions, that a brace of puppies was sold at Tattersall's for seventy guineas; and for a small white terrier bitch, which he had at the time of his death, and which was supposed to be one of the most beautiful in the kingdom, he had refused the astonishing sum of nearly one hundred guineas.

Mr. Lambert had also been much attached to coursing, and he was equally celebrated for possessing some excellent greyhounds, which were patterns of symmetry and high breeding: in the most distinguished parts of the country through which he passed, his dogs were constantly running with those in the neighbourhood where he was staying, and they were justly allowed to have been of tried bottom. Mr. Lambert himself occasionally went in his carriage to see the matches.

Before he left Leicester he was the keeper of the gaol, as his father previously had been, and frequently, when sitting at the door, smoaking his pipe, many a stranger, attracted by his extraordinary size, would enter into conversation with him. Indeed in his own neighbourhood he was greatly respected, and more especially amongst the sporting part of it.—This circumstance, added to the knowledge he had acquired by reading and otherwise cultivating his mind, rendered Mr. Lambert a remarkably pleasant companion, and few men were better calculated to add to the pleasures of the festive board. His person was tall, and his countenance manly; his disposition and general suavity of manners very prepossessing, and he sung with much taste. He was also a good judge of painting, and more particularly of the portraits of animals, from the great attention he had paid to the breed of dogs, and the observations he had been accustomed to make on that nobler animal the horse, in the field of sportsmen, in the United Kingdom. He well knew the different proportions of symmetry, and whether or not the painter had depicted nature in her best colours, and if he had caught her in her happiest moods.

Replete with anecdote, and of a lively turn of mind, possessing a genius naturally mechanical, and with a choice selection of words, and a variety of subjects, to which his active thoughts were ever inclined, it is not to be wondered at that Mr Lambert was respected by those who were in a higher rank of life, and beloved by those who were his most intimate acquaintances. There is one circumstance in support of this assertion, which I particularly wish not to pass unnoticed, as it also shews that he entertained that high sense of honour, which will ever command respect from all ranks. Mr. Lambert, at an early period of his life, was riding to view some coursing matches, and just before he arrived at the appointed spot, he met a brace of greyhounds coursing a hare, which they killed very near him. Not far behind, and much a-head of the rest of the company, was a person of considerable property, who was much interested in the match, and who declared his own dog had won the race. Mr. Lambert immediately contradicted him, observing, that he was surprised he should make that declaration when there

was

was any one present, who must have known that such was not the case. Mr. Lambert was answered in so rude a manner, as to call forth from him some menacing words, and he appealed to his sporting friends present to say, if they ever had reason to doubt his word; adding, that he neither knew the dogs which had been running, nor the persons to whom they belonged. Their reply was, "Mr. Lambert, we are perfectly satisfied that you never will tell an untruth, and we shall abide by your decision."

Mr. Lambert left the town of Leicester, to the great regret of many intimate friends, on April 4, 1806, in a very handsome carriage, the dimensions of which were accommodated to his convenience and comfort; and wherever he went he was received with the greatest civilities, and had every attention shewn him from all ranks, so highly was he respected. One nobleman, (Lord S.) during Mr. Lambert's stay in his neighbourhood, every day sent his gamekeeper to know what game he would like, either at his own table, or to send to his distant friends.

Numerous are the occasions which could be related of similar attentions shewn him, and never was a frown seen on his countenance, except it were justly raised by the impertinent remarks and rude observations of those, whose situation in life should have taught them a better behaviour. Amongst this number, Mr. Lambert often mentioned, that when a distinguished nobleman paid him a visit, he asked him such unmanly and disgusting questions, that he looked at his distinguished visitor with ineffable contempt, and would not condescend to answer him. Mr. Lambert was enabled not only to discern a well-bred man, but also, by his own deportment and polite acquiescence in the wishes of others, to shew that he himself was well acquainted with both men and manners.

With all that corpulence, which, at an early period, deprived Mr. Lambert of his life, yet he did not give way to sloth. Though, latterly, he could not walk, and evidently was a burthen to himself, suffering much pain in his legs, yet he was chearful in the extreme.—He rose early in the morning, and appeared at breakfast refreshed by his sleep, and either read or sang. In the forenoon, when free from visitors, he read the news of the day, or some recent publication, from which he could obtain information. At dinner he was particularly abstemious, but his friends partook of the chearful glass with him; and the evening was often devoted, not only to the enjoyment of society from the ability of others, but also, by his own exertions, to add by his vocal and mental powers to the pleasures of those around.

In his political sentiments, Mr. Lambert appeared, like a true Englishman, to have no other view than that of applauding or condemning measures, and not men, being satisfied with whatever he believed was for the welfare of his native land, and regretting those public transactions which he conceived brought either disgrace or misfortune upon his country.

Mr. Lambert certainly was well aware, that every hour "his mortal coil was likely to be shuffled off," and the thought of another and a better world frequently occupied his mind. He was well aware, that in all probability his death would be sudden, and that his life would be short; yet the

chear-

cheerfulness which ever accompanied him, and his general character, leave no room to doubt but that he was prepared for this awful event, although he had no immediately previous warning of its approach. When, indeed, his astonishing weight is recollected, and it is known that his bones were not larger, nor his frame higher or more gigantic, than that of much smaller men; when it is recollected that he was incapable of partaking of those pleasures which he had engaged in during the early period of his life; it may by his friends be considered a happy release for him from a world of trouble and fatigue: yet his relatives must ever regret, that Providence did not a short time longer spare his life, to enable him to reach that home he was anxious again to visit, and which he very soon expected to behold, after an absence of more than three years; he would there have been welcomed with all the ardour of sincere affection, and with the heartfelt salutations of his numerous friends.

[In our Magazine for April and May, 1807, vol. xxx, is an account of Mr. Daniel Lambert, and in which some of the circumstances here related may have been mentioned, but this is in no shape a transcript of that article.]

MIDDLESEX PASTIME.

BACKSWORD PLAYING.

At Wilsden Green, on the 25th of July, a hat, and purse of 20 shillings, were played for at backsword, and, as an encouragement for young players, five shillings were given to the winner of every head, and two shillings to the loser. On the umpire's proclaiming the game, a hat was thrown into the ring, (being the ancient mode of defiance) another soon followed, and the owners entered and played several bouts with much good humour, till the blood "trickled an inch" on the head of the least fortunate.—Other gamesters followed, to the number of 17, affording most excellent sport to a numerous and well-dressed field. The prize was won by a Dorsetshire lad, who proved himself, by breaking four heads, to be the best man.—Two master gamesters, a Berkshire and a Hampshire man, then entered the ring on a particular challenge, and shewed much skill, intrepidity, and good bottom; Berks triumphed.—The sport lasted five hours; the heads broken were 17; the bouts played, 161.

On Monday, the 7th instant, twenty-four gamesters contended manfully at Harrow-on-the-Hill, for a hat and purse, at the right valiant game of Backsword. Many a crown was cracked and blow given, with right good will and true good humour. Much skill in assault and defence in this game (the most lively picture of war) was evinced.—Jack Martin, of Harrow, "played the best stick" amongst the Harrow lads; but the prize, alas! was carried away by a London tailor!—Fourteen broken heads graced the ring.

WILTSHIRE PASTIME.

The play at Singlestick, at Salisbury Races, on Wednesday, August 3, was very dull, there not being any player of note to meet the Somersetshire men, who carried off the prize easy.—On Thursday, however, James Lyne arrived, on his return home from Magdalen-hill fair, and Maslen came in from Devizes. Some fine play was now displayed. Maslen and John Wall had

had no less than 35 bouts, and at length Wall gave in, not being able longer to keep his guard. But the crack play was between James Lyne (of Wilts) and William Wall (of Somerset), and it afforded a high treat to the amateurs of the art. At length Lyne won Wall's head, and the play concluded for the morning. In the afternoon, when the tyers were called on, the Wiltshire men had four heads, and only one Somerset man (Bunn) had gained a head. The odds were too great for Bunn to have any hope of success; he therefore gave in, and the Wiltshire men divided the prize.

ST. GILES'S PASTIME.

On Monday morning, August the 13th, about six o'clock, a *duel* was fought in a field, near Chalk-farm, between two Hibernian heroes, named Felix O'Flannagan and Dennis O'Shaughnessy, in consequence of a dispute which occurred the preceding evening, at a meeting of *connoisseurs*, in Russell-square, to view the newly-erected statue of the late Duke of Bedford; when Mr. O'Flannagan and Mr. O'Sha'-nessy differed in opinion, not only in respect to the materials of which the statue was composed, but the identity of the person it was meant to represent.

Mr. O'Flannagan, who is a *composer* of *mortar*, insisted it was made of *cast stone*, and represented the Duke of Bedford; and Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who is a *rough lapidary*, vulgarly called a *pavior*, contended it was made of *cast iron*, and intended to "*raprisint Charley Whox*." The dispute ran high, and, as it advanced, became mixed with party and provincial feelings. Mr. O'Flannagan was a Connaught man, and a *Cannavat;* Mr. O'-Shaughnessy a Munster man, or a *Shannavat*.

With such provocations of mutual irritation, they quickly appealed to the law of arms; and after putting the eyes of each other into *half mourning*, they agreed to adjourn the battle till Sunday morning, and to decide it like *jontlemen* by the *cudgel*. The meeting took place accordingly, and each was attended to the field by a numerous train of partisans, male and female, from the warlike purlieus of Dyott-street and Saffron-hill. They were armed with blackthorn cudgels of no ordinary dimensions; and having *set-to*, without ceremony or parade, each belaboured his antagonist for above an hour, in a style that would have struck terror into the stoutest of the Burkes and Belchers, and *enamled* each other from head to foot, with lasting testimonies of vigour and dexterity.—The air was rent by the triumphant shouts of their respective partisans, as either alternately bit the ground. At length, Mr. O'Shaughnessy yielded the victory; and Mr. O'-Flannagan was borne off the field, with his brows enwreathed by the Sunday *shawl* of a milkwoman, his sweetheart, who witnessed the combat, and crowned the conqueror with her own *fair* hands.

THE SCULPTURE
ON
THE FRONT OF COVENT-GARDEN
THEATRE.

WITHIN a few days of the end of this month, a great part of the scaffolding has been removed from the front of Covent-Garden Theatre, which is now nearly finished. Two sheds, one on each side

side of the portico, which had been erected for the accommodation of the sculptors, have also been taken down, and thus have been exposed to view the elegant pieces of emblematic sculpture, which have afforded much gratification to amateurs, and greatly excited the curiosity of the public.

These specimens of the fine arts, are representations of the Ancient and the Modern Drama, in *basso relievo*. The designs are classical, and the execution masterly; and the following short account of the subjects will, we are persuaded, be deemed interesting. The piece representing the Ancient Drama is to the north of the portico, and that representing the Modern Drama is on the south side.

THE ANCIENT DRAMA.

In the centre, three Greek poets are sitting; the two looking towards the portico are, Aristophanes, representing the Old Comedy, and (nearest to the spectator) Menander, representing the New Comedy. Before them, Thalia presents herself with her crook and comic mask, as the object of their imitation. She is followed by Polyphymnia playing on the greater lyre, Euterpe on the lesser lyre, Clio with the long pipes, and Terpsichore, the Muse of Action or Pantomime. These are succeeded by three Nymphs, crowned with the leaves of the fir-pine, and in succinct tunics, representing the hours or seasons, governing and attending the winged horse Pegasus.

The third sitting figure in the centre, looking from the portico, is Æschylus, the Father of Tragedy. He holds a scroll open on his knee; his attention is fixed on Wisdom, or Minerva, seated opposite to the Poet: she is distinguished by her helmet and shield. Between Æschylus and Minerva, Bacchus stands leaning on his fawn, because the Greeks represented tragedies in honour of Bacchus. Behind Minerva stands Melpomene, or Tragedy, holding a sword and mask; then follow two Furies, with snakes and torches, pursuing Orestes, who stretches out his hands to supplicate Apollo for protection.—Apollo is represented in the quadriga, or four-horsed chariot of the Sun.—The last-described figures relate to part of Æschylus's tragedy of *Orestes*.

THE MODERN DRAMA.

In the centre, (looking from the portico) Shakespear is sitting; the comic and tragic masks, with the lyre, are about his seat; his right hand is raised, expressive of calling up the following characters in the *Tempest*:—First, Caliban, laden with wood; next Ferdinand, sheathing his sword; then Miranda, entreating Prospero in behalf of her lover: they are led on by Ariel above, playing on a lyre. This part of the composition is terminated by Hecate (the three-formed Goddess) in her car drawn by oxen, descending. She is attended by Lady Macbeth, with the daggers in her hands, followed by Macbeth, who is turning in horror from the body of Duncan behind him.

In the centre, looking towards the portico, is Milton, seated, contemplating Urania, according to his own description in the Paradise Lost. Urania is seated, facing him above. At his feet is Sampson Agonistes, chained. The remaining figures represent the Masque of Comus; the two brothers drive out three Bacchanals, with their staggering leader, Comus. The Enchanted Lady is seated in the chair, and

and the series is ended by two tigers, representing the transformations of Comus's devotees.

The designs of both *basso-relievos*, and the model of the Ancient Drama, are by Mr. Flaxman. The model of the Modern Drama, and the execution in stone, are by Rossi.

Two Statues, representing Tragedy and Comedy, are placed in the niches in the wings of the Theatre, each of which is seven feet high.

TRAGEDY, which occupies the nich in the southern extremity of the building, or that nearest to Russell-street, is a fine figure holding the tragic mask and dagger. The sculptor on this occasion is also Mr Rossi.

COMEDY holds the shepherd's crook or pedum, on her right shoulder, and the comic mask in her left hand. This statue, which is the workmanship of Mr. Flaxman, is placed in the nich in the northern extremity of the building next to Long Acre.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES AT NOTTINGHAM,

For six-years old Horses, &c. four-mile Heats.

MR. Alcock's Spot, by his Arabian (sire of Crab)—beating Lord Gower's Last-time-of-asking, by the Cyprus Arabian; the Duke of Hamilton's Victorious, &c. 1728

Duke of Ancaster's Gentleman, by the Alcock Arabian—beating Mr. Adams's Miss Vane, Mr. Shepherd's D'Arcy, Mr. Williams's Sloven, and distanced five others.................. 1729

Mr. Humberstone's Stump, by Mr. Darley's Manica—beating Mr. Atkinson's Sampson, Mr. Shepherd's Foreigner, and distanced two others 1730

Mr. Rich's Lowther, * by Mr. Lister's Snake—beating Mr. Hutton's Blacklegs, † Mr. Taylor's Fearnought, Mr. Rawlinson's Whittington, Mr. Jackson's Favourite, ‡ and Mr. Rickaby's Patch-Buttocks — (the last three were drawn after the first heat).. 1731

Mr. Williams's Almanzor, by Mr. Darley's Almanzor—beating Lord Portmore's Dunkirk, by Fox-Cub; Sir N. Curzon's Badger, and Lord A. Hamilton's Spot.................... 1732

* *Lowther* was bred by Sir William Lowther, Bart. and was allowed to be one of the best galloways in the kingdom.

† *Blacklegs* was bred by Mr. Hutton, and got by his Mulso Bay Turk; his dam by Coneyskins, out of the Old Club-Foot Mare, by Old Hautboy. He was the sire of Wormwood, Moorcock, &c. and of the dam of Old Marsk, &c.

‡ *Favourite* was got by Lord Widdrington's Grey Arabian, out of Mother Neesham's dam, by Mr. Crofts's Commoner. In 1730, she won the King's Plate at Hambleton; in 1731, she won two King's Plates at Newmarket; also the two King's Plates at Winchester and Salisbury, and at Newmarket in April, 1732.

 Captain

Captain Appleyard's Quiet Cuddy, by Lord Portmore's Fox—beating the Duke of Ancaster's Driver, by Wynne's Arabian; Mr. Shepherd's Dashwood, by the Duke of Chandos's Turk; and Sir Michael Newton's Brisk 1733

Captain Appleyard's Conqueror,* by Lord Portmore's Fox—beating Mr. Luck's Young Royal, the Duke of Bridgwater's Slouch, and Mr. Warren's Sly 1734

Mr. Rich's Caristina, by a foreign horse at Hampton Court—beating Mr. Tuting's Rosinante, by Commodore Matthews's Persian; Lord Portmore's Croke, and two others 1735

Duke of Bolton's Goliah,† by Lord Portmore's Fox—beating Mr. Bethell's Whitefoot, by Lord Portmore's Fox; and Lord Gower's Blueskin, by True-Blue 1736

Lord Halifax's Barforth, by Mr. Crofts's Partner—beating Lord Lonsdale's Juba, by his Bay Arabian; Mr. Aislabie's Cupid, and distanced two others 1737

Lord Weymouth's Scrutineer, by Mr. Darley's Aleppo—beating Mr. Neale's Sweepstakes, by Young Sparks; Lord Gower's Marmot, by a Son of Bay Bolton; Mr. Tuting's Spot, by a Son of the Cyprus Arabian; Mr. Green's Country-Wench, by Almanzor; and Mr. Hutton's Red-Rose, by Mr. Bartlett's Childers 1738

Lord Portmore's Spectre, by Mr. Crofts's Partner—beating Mr. Turner's Spotless, by Whitefoot; Lord Portmore's Œdipus, by Mr. Bartlett's Childers; Lord Weymouth's Mopping Jenny, by a Son of Almanzor; Lord Derby's Whitefoot; and distanced four others the first heat. Œdipus won the first heat from Spotless, but fell in running for the second heat 1739

Lord Gower's Partner, by Mr. Crofts's Partner—beating Sir Michael Newton's Ruby, by his Arabian; Mr. Hassell's Surly, by Mr. Bartlett's Childers; Mr. Warren's Plain-Dealer, Mr. Hughson's Czarina, and the Duke of Ancaster's Dainty 1740

Mr. Bethell's Favourite, by his Arabian—walked over 1741

Lord Gower's Molotto, by Lord Godolphin's Whitefoot—beating Sir M. Wyvill's Sportsman, by Young Belgrade; Mr. Southcote's Bay Manton, Mr. Bigland's Terrible, and the Duke of Ancaster's Miss Romp 1742

Lord Gower's Tortoise, by Lord Godolphin's Whitefoot—beating Sir H. Harpur's Turpin, by Mr. Smales's Childers; and Mr. Buxton's Creeper 1743

Miss Betty Routh's Othello, by Mr. Hawkesworth's Oroonoko—distancing three others the first heat 1744

* 1734, *Conqueror* also won the King's Plates at Guildford, York, Lincoln, Lewes, Canterbury, and Newmarket; he also won the King's Plate at Newmarket, in April, 1735.

† 1736, *Goliah* also won the King's Plates at Winchester, Salisbury, Guildford, York, Lincoln, and Newmarket.

Mr.

Mr. Martindale's Regulus,* by Lord Godolphin's Arabian—beating Mr. Hutton's Wormwood, by Blacklegs; Mr. Vavasour's Champion, by the Duke of Bolton's Goliah, and distanced two others 1745

Lord Gower's Little John,† by Mr. Crofts's Partner—beating Mr. Greville's Sportley, by Lord Portmore's Spinner; the Duke of Ancaster's Vulcan, Mr. Muster's (late Mr Garthside's) Pamela, Mr. Benson's Frolic, and Captain Hartley's Lemon 1746

Sir William Middleton's Squirrel, by his Son of Bay Bolton—beating the Duke of Ancaster's Dizzy, by his Grace's Driver; Sir M. Wyvill's Chip, by the Scarbrough Colt; Mr. Bradley's Bolton, Mr. Greville's Old England, Mr. Hutton's Drowsy, and Mr. Garthside's Mad Tom 1747

Mr. Fermor's Scipio, by ———, out of Miss Mayes—beating Mr. Greville's Pickle; Sir Robert Burdett's Spot, by Lord Godolphin's Whitefoot; and the Duke of Ancaster's Badger, by the Scarbrough Colt 1748

Lord Portmore's Skin, by Mr. Panton's Crab—beating Sir M. Wyvill's Broadbottom, by Young Belgrade; Mr. Fenwick's Pretender, and Mr. Bagshaw's Young Looby 1749

Mr. Routh's Looby, by the Duke of Bolton's Looby—beating Mr. Meredith's Stump, by Merry Tom 1750

Sir William Middleton's Thwackum, (own Brother to Squirrel) by his Son of Bay Bolton—beating Mr. Crofts's Red-Robin, by his Forester 1751

Mr. Witty's Grenadier, by Mr. Panton's Blaze—walked over 1752

* 1745, *Regulus* also won 50l. carrying 12st. at Epsom; the King's Plates at Winchester, Salisbury, Canterbury, Lewes, Lincoln, and Newmarket in October: he likewise won the King's Plate at Newmarket, in April, 1746. He was never beat, and afterwards became a very valuable stallion.

† 1745, *Little John* walked over for the King's Plate at Ipswich;—1746, he also won the King's Plates at Guildford and Lincoln;—1747, he won the King's Plate at Newmarket in April; beat Moorcock, a match for 200gs.; won an 80gs. Plate; and three of 50gs. each. He beat, at various times, the famous runners Torismond, Volunteer, Primate, Dormouse, Veteran, Surly, &c.

To be continued.

[For the Pedigrees and Performances of the above horses, &c. see *Pick's Turf Register*.]

IDENTITY OF A HORSE.

A Cause was tried at the last Assizes for the county of Kent, before Lord Ellenborough—Coney v. Jones—to recover the value of a horse, to which the plaintiff and defendant both laid claim as their own, and the question turned entirely on the identity of the animal.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd, for the plaintiff, stated, that a person of the

the name of Nolan hired the horse in question of the plaintiff, in August last, for the purpose of going to Hythe, and when he arrived there it was claimed at the stable by the defendant, who insisted it was his horse, and that it had been stolen from him some time back. He identified it because it had one eye, a scar upon the rump, and he also stated that it was a quiet horse in the stable. Now he should shew in evidence possession of the horse in question from the persons from whom the plaintiff purchased it from the year 1803. It was true it had had but one eye all that time, but with respect to the scar on the rump, he should prove that it happened since the horse came into the possession of the plaintiff, by running against a chaise shaft. The other criterion also by which the defendant identified the horse, he should shew also to fail, for instead of the animal's being quiet in the stable, she had the habit of biting at all those who came near her.

The following witnesses, for the plaintiff, were then called—John Bliss, who purchased the horse in January, 1808, at Dixon's Repository, in Barbican, for the plaintiff Coney—Dixon's clerk proved she was sold for one East—and East was called, who said he purchased her of the Assignees of one Wright, a bankrupt—Wright was then called, who said he bought her of one King, a cheesemonger in Holborn —and King proved that he purchased the mare in the year 1803. During the whole of this time she had but one eye, but had no scar on the rump until she met with an accident while in possession of the plaintiff, by running against a chaise shaft.

The witnesses for the defendant said, the horse resembled the one he had lost, and spoke particularly to the scar on the rump.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that the plaintiff had shewn an uninterrupted possession of the horse in himself, and those under, whom he claimed, since the year 1803, and thought the weight of evidence much in his favour.—Verdict for the plaintiff.

[We remember a similar dispute concerning the identity of a horse some years ago, which was carried, in legal proceedings, to a great length. Mr. Thomas Carnan, of St. Paul's Church-yard, claimed a mare as his property, which was in the possession of the landlady of the Inn at Epping Place, and said to be stolen from a field some time before. After two trials at law, and an indictment, with various appeals, &c. Mr. Carnan found himself minus between 1 and 2000l.: he had the advantage in an early stage of the litigation— but, not content, he indicted his opponent's witnesses, which occasioned the turning of the tables upon him, and he thus lost both his mare and his money.]

WILTSHIRE SPORTING CAUSE.

Simpkins *v.* —— Hunt, Esq.

THE plaintiff, John Simpkins, is the tenant of Francis Dugdale Astley, Esq. of Everly, in the county of Wilts; the defendant, Henry Hunt, Esq. of Sans Souci Cottage, in the same county, is the near neighbour of Mr. Astley. These gentlemen unfortunately entertain very different sentiments on politics. Mr. Hunt received a formal notice, requiring him to abstain from sporting on the lands of Mr. Astley's tenant,

tenant, John Simpkins. Heedless of this, Mr. Hunt was caught in the fact of having strayed upon the open down land of the plaintiff. For this trespass, John Simpkins brought this action; to which Mr. Hunt not duly pleading, interlocutory judgment was signed; and on the 8th instant, twelve respectable inhabitants were summoned on a Writ of Inquiry, to say what damages the plaintiff had sustained. The attorney employed by Mr. Astley's tenant having stated the case, produced a witness, who proved the trespass.

On the cross-examination of this witness by Mr. Hunt, who acted as his own advocate, he swore that the defendant "had not done a farthing of damage, as he only walked about six yards out of the high road on the plaintiff's open down land."—The damages were laid at 100l.

Mr. Hunt then addressed the Jury, in which, after explaining to them the origin and motives of the action, he submitted, that as not the slightest damage had been proved, so he trusted that they could not by their oaths give a verdict of damages against him. He was well aware of the nature of a Writ of Inquiry, which issuing after judgment being signed, in consequence of the neglect of the defendant to put in a plea, had been usually considered as an admission that damage had been sustained by the plaintiff; and he had no doubt that the Under Sheriff would direct them, in the usual way, to find for the plaintiff with a farthing damages; but as no damage whatever was proved, he must strenuously contend that it was impossible for twelve men, who had sworn "well and truly to assess the damage" which the plaintiff had sustained, to give even one farthing, when the plaintiff's own witness had expressly sworn that not one farthing of damage had been committed. It had ever been his opinion that by the constitution of England, a Jury were judges as well of the law as of the fact. This was a principle for which he should ever contend; and as the liberty of the subject was so inseparably connected with that doctrine, he confidently expected from the Jury an illustration, by their verdict, of that important principle of the British constitution.

The Under Sheriff then stated to the Jury the nature of a Writ of Inquiry. It was the King's Writ commanding the Sheriff to summon a Jury, in order to assess the damages sustained by the plaintiff. In cases where no actual damage had been proved, it was always customary to give a farthing, it being the lowest denomination of coin known in the realm; and knowing of no instance in which that custom had been departed from, it was his opinion that the Jury must give a farthing damages. The plaintiff had proved the trespass, and some damages must follow.

The Jury, after consulting together a short time, said, that they felt it inconsistent with the oath they had taken, to give one farthing damages, when not one farthing of damage appeared to have been committed; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Under Sheriff, persisted in refusing.

However this verdict may be at variance with the custom in legal proceedings on Writs of Inquiry, it is certainly correct. The Jury are directed to inquire what damage the plaintiff has sustained. They do inquire; and on that inquiry are told by the witness, who proves

the

the fact of the trespass, "not one farthing." What then can a Jury do, but find the fact proved, and certainly without damages; for where there are no damages proved, such a verdict would be false, and against their oaths. When the celebrated William Penn the Quaker, and another, were tried for a riot in Gracechurch-street, the fact of their preaching was proved, but of disturbance or riot the Jury had no proof, and therefore they returned a verdict of "Guilty of preaching in Gracechurch-street."

On the same principle, the Jury in this case have returned a verdict, finding that the defendant had "walked about six yards on the plaintiff's open down land, after notice not to sport."

Another unsuccessful Prosecution on the Game Laws.

In an action, tried at Bristol, for a supposed violation of the Game Laws, Telling *v.* Gray, the plaintiff, whose residence was given in as a *lodger* in Cirencester, could not be found, although the utmost diligence was used by the defendant for that purpose. The Court made an order absolute for the plaintiff's Attorney to *find security for his costs*: and would not permit him to proceed till such security was given. The action has in consequence dropt. This, we believe, is the first instance of the kind that has yet occurred.

LIABILITY OF PUBLIC CARRIAGES TO TOLL FOR REPASSING.

A Question on this subject having been much agitated of late, the following extract from the index to vol. xi. of East's Term Reports, may tend to its elucidation.

A turnpike act, imposing a toll on every carriage and on every horse passing through the gate, and exempting any person from paying more than once in a day for passing or repassing with the *same carriage* or horse, exempts the traveller from paying a second time in the day for the passage of the *same carriage*, though drawn by *different horses*, being the same in number; and another clause providing, that in all cases *carriages travelling for hire*, the traveller or passenger thereon shall be considered as the person paying the toll, and that such payment shall not exempt such carriage repassing with a different traveller or passenger; does not extend to stage coaches, the carriage itself not being then hired by the respective passenger, but only a conveyance by it; and therefore such stage coaches are freed of toll under the former clause, by one payment in the day, although returning with different passengers and different horses, the horses being the same in number.—Williams *v.* Songar, T. 48, G. 3.

All passengers in return chaises, not being the same who went in it, are liable to pay the toll.

EXTRAORDINARY DUTCH-PIN MATCH.

On Thursday, the 17th instant, was played, at the Ivy-House, Hoxton, between Mr. Murfel and Mr. J. Henley, a match at Dutch-pins, for 100 guineas, in 100 rubbers; they began at ten in the morning, and ended at ten at night. Mr. Murfel was the winner by twelve rubbers. The contest was viewed by a number of spectators, who betted on the occasion.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

WHEN Alderman Fleming, who died lately, in Dublin, was, as Sheriff of that city, superintending the whipping of a vagrant, the latter, feeling the lash become rather heavy, turned round, and, addressing the Sheriff, exclaimed, *Pam be civil!* to which the Sheriff replied, "Hold your tongue, you rascal, *Pam* knows his duty."—That the reader may understand the repartee, it is necessary to observe, that Sheriff Fleming was a card-maker, and the sign of his house the *Knave of Clubs*, denominated *Pam* in the game of *Loo*.

AT the Assizes for one of the midland counties, a woman was tried for the murder of her bastard child, and after the Judge had taken great pains in explaining the provisions of Lord Ellenborough's Act, the Jury acquitted her of the murder, and found her guilty of concealing the birth of the child. The prisoner next tried was charged with stealing a *goose*, and the same Jury, thinking that the law applied equally to both cases, acquitted the prisoner of the felony, but found him guilty of *concealing the goose!*

THE following singular epitaph is extracted from a recent lively and interesting journal of a voyage down the Wye:—"There resided at Chepstow a man of the name of Downton, who married a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Chest. His father-in-law was, when alive, the constant subject of his ridicule; and upon his decease he wrote the following lines, which appear on his tomb in the church-yard:—

"Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another:
The Chest of Wood was very good—
"Who says so of the other?"

AT the late Hertford Assizes, a landlord, boasting the goodness of his wine to a friend, said it was greatly admired by the *Gentlemen* of the Bar. "That may be," answered the other, "for there is no *Judge* among them."

WHATEVER popularity Mr. Wardle may have aimed at, he has proved himself not a supporter of the Bill of *WRIGHTS*.

OLD Elwes, once so well known for his immense riches and his penurious mind, stopped at an inn near Bury, and calling for tea, said, "Well, landlord, I suppose you charge sixpence instead of eightpence for tea and toast?" The host was a shrewd dog—he knew his guest well, and instantly shewed him into a room with all the windows blocked up, saying, "*Do you choose candles, Sir?*"

IT happened, in the early part of Hogarth's life, that a Nobleman, who was remarkably ugly and deformed, sat to him for his picture. It was executed by the artist with all that skill for which he was so justly celebrated. But the likeness was most rigidly observed, without the prudent expedient of attending to flattery or compliment. The Peer, disgusted at his counterpart, left

left it on the painter's hands; who, tired with repeated applications for payment, at last wrote the following short note:—"Mr. Hogarth presents his respects to Lord ——, and acquaints his Lordship, that if he does not send for his picture within three days, he shall add a tail to it, and expose it to sale for a *monkey*, for which he has had repeated application."

LINES,

Presented to a beautiful Lady, who had two French dogs that slept regularly upon her pillow in muslin night-caps.

YE *mongrel race*, who lounge through Rotten-Row,
St. James's, Bond-street, and who talk "Bow-wow;"
Who ape, with empty head, and curling lock,
The nat'ral qualities of happier *Shock*;
Give up th' attempt—your trial is in vain,
The fair survey your labours with disdain;
CORINNA scorns such half-bred curs to wed,
And takes two *perfect puppies* to her bed.

BON MOT.—A notorious swindler, sending his servant to a public house to borrow an evening paper, was told it was in use: nettled at the disappointment, the servant, in the hearing of the person reading it, exclaimed, "that before her master would be troubled so, he would take in the paper himself." "Ah!" replied the reader, "this is not the paper your master wants —he wants to take in the *World*."

A CORRESPONDENT at Cheltenham says, "A crazy apothecary from Gloucester, whose name is John Jones, lately came among us to lead us to the New Jerusalem: the following slices of rhetoric made an inconsiderable part of his oration:—

'Brethren, brethren, here you are in Vanity Fair!—You came here for oxyds and carbonats and selenites; but I will administer a grain of corrective acid, with an ounce of sulphurated ethics, and drive the demons of abomination from your mental system, though you were as foul as Lazarus, and as filthy as the Vatican. I will pulverise your follies in the mortar of the gospel, and make you amalgamate with the elements of regeneration.—You are all stuck deep in the Slough of Despondency, and yet you have too much arrogance to call for help! Stretch forth your arms, my brethren, and I will drag you from the mire of reprobation, as clean and unsullied as a candle from a patent mould!—I will brace you with the chalybeate waters of grace, and cleanse your ideas with the saline draughts of repentance, to prepare ye for the new birth; when the old man shall be cast away, like a tattered garment; while the handmaids of regeneration shall rub all rust from your hearts, and make them as bright as my best pestle!—You call for wax lights, and spermaceti lights, and gas lights, but what are they to the new lights? answer me that—What is man but a forked radish, which Satan plucks up by the roots, when he wants a *bonne bouche*!—What is beauty but a frail flower, which time cuts down, like a daffy-down-dilly in the meadows of delight? Then come with me, and I will lead you to the true Zion, where the daughters of Salem shall sing a lullaby to the fatigues of humanity, before you become a pensioner upon the establishment of the Millenium.

'Oh! my brethren, all is vanity: our bosoms are inflated by pride, like the bladders in my shop!—What is pleasure but a narcotic for the

the faithless! a volatile composition that evaporates before the elect, like ether in a sun-beam!—Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.'

A LETTER from Margate says—"One-card Loo continues to be the fashionable evening amusement at the Libraries. Garner's usually attracts the greatest number of visitors, from the whimsicality of the verses and appellations, and the comic effect with which he reads them. There are generally four or five drawn every night. Several of the candidates have frequently, and not unsuccessfully, invoked the muses to their assistance. On Wednesday evening last, a gentleman favoured us with the following lines, as the motto to his number:

'Tis sweet at eve on the sea beach to stray,
By moonlight pale, and hear the donkey bray!
'Tis sweet in crowded hoy, with fav'ring gale,
From London bridge to Margate pier to sail!
'Tis sweet to tell (to make the cocknies stare)
The soft sensations we experience there:
'Tis sweet at Dandelion—'neath a tree,
To eat hot rolls and swallow scalding tea!
But sweeter far, 'mid fashion's motley crew,
To gain a prize at Garner's One-Card Loo!"

A NOBLEMAN (says Miss Edgworth) enquiring of his Irish servant what was the cause of the noise he heard?—"It is the *singing in my ears*," replied Pat, "and I have had it, your honour, these six months."

A GREAT porter drinker being lately asked why he was so very peevish, replied, "Because the thunder storm this morning has turned me *sour*."

A BEAN feast was given lately to the men belonging to an eminent carpet manufactory at Wilton. After the cloth was removed a toast was given, "May the staple manufacture of Wilton be *trod under foot* by the public," which was drunk with three times three.

AUCTIONEERS.—The three distinguished traits which characterise the eloquence of the hammer are—1st, a strong sense of the dignity and importance of the individual who wields it:—2d, a violent propensity to coin new and unnecessary words:--and 3d, the talent of bestowing indiscriminate ornament on all subjects, or (as Foote admirably expresses it) of being equally eloquent on a Ribband and a Raphael!

EPIGRAM.

"YOUR coat is very short," said John,
One day unto his brother;
"It will be *long enough*," cried Tom,
"Before I get another."

A FEW days ago, as a gentleman of the Four-in-hand Club was driving his coach (which has all the appearance of a stage-coach) from Richmond to town, with a few servants on the roof, a nimble chimney-sweeper, seeing the seats behind empty, immediately mounted, and placed himself on the dickey, when the gentleman, on perceiving his sooty passenger, began to pull up; but Mr. Sooty, supposing himself on a stage-coach, hallooed—"Go on, Coachey, go on, and I'll pay my fare when we arrive in Piccadilly."

THE late Lord R——, with many

good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding.—Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed with him on indifferent matters, complained of the head-ache, and desired his Lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood was given. "I have no objection; and, as I hear your Lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me?" — "*A-propos*," said Lord Chesterfield, after the operation; "do you go to the House to-day?" Lord R—— answered, "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you who have considered it, which side will you be of?"—The Earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment; he carried him to the House, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say, that none of his friends had done so much as he, having literally *bled* for the good of his country.

A SHORT Sermon.—On St. Stephen's day, the monks of the convent had gathered together very late in the morning at chapel, and fearing that the preacher might keep them beyond their dinner-hour, whispered in the ear of their orator their apprehensions, and their wishes that he would be as brief as possible. The preacher, feeling a sympathy with his brothers, thus addressed his audience:—"This day last year, brethren, I praised all the good acts of St. Stephen, with as much fullness and accuracy as laid in my power, and since that time not having heard that the saint has done any thing new, I have nothing farther to add on the subject at present."

EPITAPH IN STOKE CHURCH-YARD.

AN *Undertaker*, nam'd John Fry,
Lies here—who lost his breath,
Endeav'ring, but in vain, to fly
That *Overtaker*—Death!

FORCE of Eloquence.—The town of P. having sent deputies to Pope Urban V. found the Pope very ill in bed. Nevertheless, without any mercy to the sick man, the orator made a very long and a very impertinent harangue. "Have you any thing more to say?" said his Holiness, harassed and indignant at the man's barbarity. "I have to add," replied the orator, "that if you do not grant my request, I am commissioned to go through my speech a second time." His Holiness immediately ordered, that all his demands should be fully and instantaneously complied with.

The following whimsical epitaph was affixed to the tomb of a person at Brynylls, in Brecknockshire, who fell from his horse, and broke his neck:

MAN's life is a vapour,
And full of woes,
He cuts a caper, and—
Down he goes.

A DELICATE Reproof.—To reproach the vices of another is very hazardous and difficult. The confessor of Bernado viscount of Milan surprised this nobleman in company with a courtesan. Bernado, in great confusion at the discovery, asked the priest what he would have done, had he been under the same temptation. "I know not, my lord," replied the discreet Monk, "what I should have done, but I know what I *ought* to have done."

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE reports from the moors seem to be, that the game is scarce, particularly in the English moors, where the practice of burning the heath, for the purpose of producing fresh vegetation, prevails. To the birds it is a very destructive method. In the Scotch moors, the game has been much more plentiful, particularly in those parts which are removed from conveyance to great towns. Partridges are in general thought to be scarce, and the breeding season a bad one; but the extreme lateness of the harvest must prevent the ascertainment of this till the corn is more cut, as there may be many broods totally unseen as yet.

A PARTRIDGE's nest was, a few days ago, discovered in a plot of grass which was cutting in the garden of the Rev. Mr. M'Kenzie, of Knockbain, Shropshire, containing sixteen eggs, which had been deserted by the mother, and from which, when taken from the nest and laid beneath a turkey hen, were brought forth fifteen birds, which were all in a thriving state, and follow the turkey as their mother.

WE understand, that from the great depredations committed by poachers and others, a number of gentlemen of the Eastern part of Somerset have been induced to form an association for the better preservation of their game. They propose giving large rewards for information, against poachers, and unqualified persons found sporting; and they have agreed upon the following restrictions with regard to shooting:—Not to grant leave to any person using a double-barrelled gun; no person to kill more than three brace of partridges on the same day; a hare or pheasant to reckon as a brace of partridges.

MATTISHALL Races, which were held on Thursday, the 10th, drew a vast concourse of people from Dereham and the adjacent villages:—The purse given by the town was won by Mr. Carter's horse Lord Paget, beating Mr. Utting's horse Champion, and Mr. Jeary's Kick Straw.—The saddle was won by Mr. Petchell's hack Honesty, beating Mr. Hubbard's mare Venus, and Mr. R. Leeder's horse Henry.—A very singular occurrence happened in the poney race; five started, and each gained a heat; when one of the ponies fell down dead in coming in the last round.

THE Duke of Rutland's Volucris is matched against Sir B. Graham's Saragossa, at the second Newmarket Meeting, for 100 guineas.

AT the next Brighton Meeting, Sir B. Graham's Wren is matched against the Duke of Rutland's Ned, for a like sum.

BARNET RACES.—These Races, after a lapse of ten years, were revived this month at the instigation of the County Members, and other gentlemen of fortune, whose seats are near the course, aided by the townspeople of Barnet. From the

proximity

proximity of the course to the metropolis, the company at these races, although not of the sportive order, was more numerous than at any other.

Newport (Isle of Wight) races, on Monday, the 24th ult. afforded some very good running. The three-year old Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st. one-mile heat, was run for as follows:

Mr. Lang's Lydia, by Gulliver, (rode by W. Dilly) 1
Mr. Roache's Fan, by Young Woodpecker 2
Mr. Thatcher's Leader, by Driver 3
Mr. Fouquett's Sultan, by Gulliver .... bolted.

Fan was the favourite at starting; very hard racing the first three quarters of a mile, but Lydia won easy at last.

The 50l. plate was decided as follows:—

Mr. Foquett's Young Carlo	1	1
Mr. Webb's Old Major....	2	2
Mr. White's Why-not	3	dr.

Young Carlo was the favourite.

The Steward's Purse of 20gs. was then run for, and won, at two hard heats, three miles each, by Mr. Woodford's Tysiphone, beating four others. The 10gs. for troop horses were won, at two sharp heats, by Mr. James Coles's mare, beating two others.—There was an elegant dinner provided on the ground, for the Steward and such other gentlemen as chose to partake of it. The Hon. C. A. Pelham is appointed Steward for the year ensuing. The ball at the Sun Inn, in the evening, was elegantly attended.

Poney Race.—A trotting match for 100gs. took place on Friday, the 19th instant, on Sunbury Common, between two fast-going ponies; the one a blind poney, the property of a person at Stanes, which beat the celebrated Irish trotting poney a few days ago; and the other a North-country poney. The match commenced at seven o'clock in the morning, with high odds against the blind poney, which, however, took the lead, and kept it eleven miles. The North-country poney made play, and won the match by nearly half a mile. There was a numerous field of sportsmen on the ground, and several hundreds were betted on the event.

Another poney race took place for fifty guineas, on the Beaconsfield road, on the Monday following, between a black poney, thirteen hands high, belonging to Mr. Rigg, of Poland-street, and a bay poney, the property of Mr. Biggs, victualler. The match was to trot sixteen miles, and the bay poney won by two hundred yards, full play having been made the whole distance, which was performed in eleven minutes over the hour.—Betting was six to four on the loser.

Captain Barclay, the celebrated pedestrian, is a gentleman of very high birth. He is the lineal representative of William, last Earl of Airth, his great grand uncle, and his right to that Peerage has already been established by a service before a Jury in Scotland, although he has not yet laid his claim before the House of Peers.—He has to boast of Royal extraction, lineally descended from Robert the IId. King of Scotland, by David Earl of Steatherne, his son.—Captain Barclay is the representative of the two ancient families of Barclay of Ury, and Allardice of Allardice, in Kincardineshire, in Scotland, and is possessed of estates in that county rented at 8000l. sterling per annum. His father, the late Robbert

bert Barclay Allardice, Esq. was Member of Kincardineshire in several Parliaments. Captain Barclay left the army some years ago.

On Tuesday, the 8th, Mr. Haiselden, of Milton, undertook for a wager to go ten miles within the hour, on the Canterbury road, between Key-street and Chalkwell; betting was considerably against him at starting, but he performed this extraordinary task, apparently with great ease, in seven minutes less than the given time.

Wednesday, the 16th, —— Mott, of Great Chart, near Ashford, started from the 55th milestone, on the Hythe road, in order to walk 60 miles in the given time of 14 hours, for a wager of five pounds; when, after walking half the distance in about seven hours, he declined proceeding any further. —It is understood that the same bet is made by Mr. Holtum, of Kennington, for a wager of twenty guineas, to take place very shortly in a field of Mr. Holtum's.

The beginning of this month, Thomas Humfries, a mechanic, in Little Suffolk-street, Charing-cross, undertook, for a considerable wager, to run round St. James's Park in twenty-five minutes. He started from the Horse-Guards, and ran along Whitehall, through King-street and Tothill-street, passing Buckingham-gate, and along Pimlico, then through Grosvenor-place, and along Piccadilly, down St. James's-street, and through Pall-mall and Cockspur-street, to Whitehall, and ended at the Horse Guards, completing his task in twenty-one minutes and a half, being three minutes and a half within the time allowed. A gentleman on horseback, who had some bets against him, accompanied him, to see that he had performed the task fairly.

The same man, not long ago, undertook to run from the Blackmoor's Head, in Whitcomb-street, over the three bridges, and back again to the same public-house, in forty-five minutes. He ran along the Strand, in a direct line to St. Paul's, passing it on the right, and straight to London Bridge, returning on the Surrey side to Blackfriars Bridge, which he went over, and returned again through Pedlar's Acre, over Westminster Bridge, and to the Blackmoor's Head, in Whitcomb-street; performing this difficult task in forty-one minutes, being four minutes within the time allowed.

Mr. Gray, of Chorley, in Cheshire, parish clerk, a middle-sized man, about fifty, walked 140 miles in 45 hours. He commenced on Wednesday morning, the 16th, at twelve, and walked five times to Wigan and back; and on Thursday, three times more to Wigan and back, and two miles on the Preston road from Chorley and back. In his last visit to Wigan and back, he did not much exceed four hours.

In these days of walking wonders, the following fact may not be deemed unworthy notice:—Lieutenant ——, of the Navy, who is stationed with the Sea Fencibles at Kingston, which is between five and six miles from Swanage, absolutely performed that distance on foot in the short space of twenty minutes: as a Newfoundland vessel was seen coming round Peveral (the westernmost part of Swanage Bay), at six o'clock in the morning, and that zealous Officer was upon the beach at Swanage, and impressed two of the people (who were

were attempting to make their escape from her to elude the press) by twenty minutes after that time.

Captain Walsham, of the Worcestershire regiment of militia, quartered at Portsea, on Monday, the 14th, performed on foot the distance of sixty miles in twelve successive hours, with ease; and afterwards rode two curricle horses half the distance (thirty) in two successive hours, for a wager of 120 guineas, also within time.—Captain Walsham is a very stout athletic man, being about six feet two inches high.

A Mr. Harvey, who started on Saturday, the 12th, to walk to Brighton from Westminster-bridge, in thirteen successive hours, completed his task in eleven hours and fifty-seven minutes. A considerable sum has been lost, as great odds were betted against him, he having had no training.

The beginning of the present month, a Highlander, named Macdonald, about thirty years of age, for a wager of a pound of Scotch snuff, half a gallon of whisky, and a guinea, engaged to go on foot from the Standard in Cornhill to the West-India Dock and back again, six miles, in forty minutes: he started at five o'clock, and returned thirty-seven minutes after, winning by three minutes.

Boxing.—Wednesday morning, the 16th, about seven o'clock, a battle was fought in a field near the White Lead Mills, Hoxton, between James Hawke, a Spitalfields weaver, and Thomas Fellows, a drover, for five guineas aside. The contest lasted upwards of forty minutes, with equal skill and courage on both sides, when the weaver gave his antagonist a blow on the side of the head, which brought him to the ground, and he remained in a senseless state for some minutes, and on recovering gave up the contest. They were both severely beaten.

Sparring.—An exhibition took place on Tuesday, the 15th, in the Tun-room, in the Strand, for the benefit of the veteran Maddox, and it was well attended by the amateurs. The Belchers, Richman, Cropley, Powell, Dogherty, &c. &c. set to, and they afforded the wished-for amusement. Maddox sparred, and he bore severe marks of his recent combat with Richman.

An inquisition was taken the beginning of the month, at the Bowling-green public house, Somers Town, on the body of Smith, who was killed in a battle with one Jones a day or two previous. It appeared in evidence, that the parties were workmen at a brick-kiln, and they had fought twice before, when the deceased was much beaten both times. He gave the challenge in this instance, leaving Jones no alternative but to fight. After half an hour's contention, the deceased fell from a blow on the side, and he was carried away. It appeared, however, that he died by a fall.—Verdict, *Manslaughter*.

On Wednesday, the 23d, a battle took place between two of the fair sex, one of them a retailer of oysters, and the other a dealer in apples, who daily take their stands nearly opposite Adam-street, in the Strand. The fair fruiteress, it seems, was jealous of her neighbour, and the husband being imprudent enough to go and swallow down, not love from her eyes, but oysters from the tub, of the object

of

of his wife's jealousy, even in her sight, the injured wife's ire was raised, and she attacked the oyster woman with tongue and nail; this attack was returned with interest; caps, bonnets, and handkerchiefs, were soon reduced to tatters, and the visages of the fair combatants were disfigured with copious streams of blood: the battle raged with such fury, that had not the standers by interfered, serious consequences might have ensued; the oyster dealer, however, enraged at the imputation which had been cast upon her virtue, sallied forth in all the paraphernalia of woe to Bow-street, to procure a warrant for her opponent.

The boxing match betwixt Richman and Cropley is off; the former having turned *Publican*, and left off *sinning* against the peace.

A grand pigeon match at twenty-one birds, for 100 guineas, took place on Friday, the 18th, at Wimbledon Common, between Messrs. Carter and Hodkins, amateur shots. The former killed twenty birds, and won the match—his antagonist having missed his fourth and eighteenth birds.

Lincoln horse show, on Saturday and Monday, the 12th and 14th, and more especially on Monday, exhibited a considerable number of valuable blood and draught horses; most of which were sold at very high prices:—the respectable attendance given to it, though somewhat lessened by the intervention of Sunday, exceeded the expectations of its promoters and friends; and fully justifies the measure to the public. Indeed, the future utility of this new mart for the horses of this district seems to be generally acknowledged. The superior accommodations which that city affords, the convenience of the time and the situation, all concur to recommend it to the attention of both breeders and dealers; and to make it the decided opinion of persons the most competent to judge, that in a very few years we shall see it become equal to any horse fair in the county.—It has been established principally through the active zeal of the present Chief Magistrate, Thomas Colton, Esq. and a great number of dealers and breeders have promised their future attendance.

Singular Circumstance.—Mr. Jones, a veterinary surgeon, of the Curtain Road, was, a few mornings since, called upon to attend a horse that was unwell; having some very untoward symptoms about him, his life was conceived to be in danger: every means was made use of that seemed calculated to be of service, but without effect, as he died the same evening. On opening the body, in the presence of several spectators, the rectum was found to be ruptured by the pressure of a large calculus (or stone), which weighs five pounds seven ounces; and in one of the intestines (the colon) were found three others, that weigh sixteen pounds seven ounces—together, twenty-one pounds fourteen ounces, which are now in the above gentleman's museum, and may doubtless be seen gratis by any person desirous of viewing such a phenomenon.

William Hall, a boy between fourteen and fifteen years of age, was lately committed to Hereford gaol, for having forced the end of a cart-whip into the body of a mare belonging to Mr. T. Hartland, of Bodenham, which occasioned

sioned her death in a few hours. This young savage had treated a mare in foal in the same inhuman manner, and also endeavoured to cut out the tongue of a horse, both the property of Mr. Hartland.

A FINE Newfoundland dog, the property of Mr. Scott, of Waltham Abbey, was killed lately in a field by a weazle, which attached itself to his throat, whilst the dog was in pursuit of it in a ditch. The poor animal being unable to disentangle himself from his troublesome assailant, struggled for a considerable time, until at length, exhausted with the loss of blood, he fell down and expired.

HORSE-STEALERS.—C. Howard, a lad twelve years of age, was indicted, at the Surrey Assizes, for stealing a black gelding, the property of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. from a paddock, at Leatherhead. The only witness produced was a person of the name of Hawkins, who proved he found the boy offering to sell the horse, which he suspected he must have stolen; but there was no person on the part of Mr. Sheridan to prove the loss, or identify the horse: he was therefore acquitted.

At the same Assizes, William West was indicted for stealing a black gelding, the property of William Cove, from East Lamstead, in the county of Berks. Mr. Gurney, the Counsel, detailed the case, which was proved as follows:—The prosecutor, Cove, was a farmer at East Lamstead, in Berks, and had the horse in his yard on the night of the 27th of April, but the next morning he was gone.—A witness, of the name of Knight, proved that he bought the horse of the prisoner on the 8th of May, at Aldford, in Surrey. The prisoner, when he sold him, said he had had the horse all the winter, and sold him in the name of George Thomas. The Judge, in summing up, told the Jury, that as the horse was found so soon after it was stolen in the possession of the prisoner, it became him to account how he came by it, which he had not done. Verdict, *Guilty*.—He was also convicted on a second indictment, for stealing a horse, the property of Richard Stringer, of West Grinstead, Sussex.

AT the Derby Assizes, a verdict for 400l. damages was given against Mr. Sutton, of the Navigation Inn, Shardlow, for having placed a tarpauling upon a shed near the road side, which flapping with the wind, caused the horse of Mr. J. Salterfield, draper, of Manchester, to throw him and break his leg. It was satisfactorily proved, that this shed and tarpauling had, for a considerable time prior to the plaintiff's accident, been the occasion of many horses taking fright, and had occasioned the plaintiff's accident. The Judge was clearly of opinion that the defendant had no right to place, although on his own ground, any erection productive of such effects.

A beautiful male tiger, a tiger-cat, several sheep from the Cape of Good Hope, a land and sea tortoise, together with many other oriental quadrupeds, brought home by Sir Edward Pellew, were landed lately, at the Custom-house Quay, Plymouth.

CANINE MADNESS. — Serjeant Nixon, of the 6th troop 7th dragoons, quartered in Manchester barrack, was bit in his thumb by a small dog, belonging to himself, and, entertaining no suspicion of

its

its being mad, took no further notice of it; shortly after the dog died suddenly, and the Serjeant was seized with the hydrophobia, and expired.

On Thursday, the 10th instant, the following very distressing accident happened to Miss Shepherdson, daughter of Mr. S. of Pinchbeck, near Spalding:—Being on a visit to Mr. Parr, jun. of Deeping Fen, she, with Mrs. Parr, and a few friends, walked to meet Mr. Parr and a party of gentlemen on their return from shooting. The latter unfortunately had their guns loaded when the meeting took place, and one of the pieces accidentally going off, wounded Miss Shepherdson in a shocking manner. Surgical assistance was promptly obtained, and it is hoped the young lady will recover.

A curious wager was contended for on the 15th instant, in Chapel-field, Norwich. Two men undertook to eat two dumplings, with their hands tied behind them, before a third could run round the field. The dumpling eaters (of the true Norfolk breed, no doubt) compassed their engagement before the runner could the field; but it being proved, that one having done first assisted the other, the wager was not determined, on the objection, that each man was to eat his own dumpling.

One of the Honourable Members of the Four-in-Hand Club lately, on his return to London, stopped at the Red Lion Inn, at Brentford. An old woman wanting to go to London, went to the Honourable Driver, supposing him to be the coachman (he being standing close to the horses, in a true coachmanlike style) and the carriage to be a stage-coach, and asked him to take her to London; to which he agreed, but persuaded her to get inside, observing, that they should not fall out when they got to London about the fare. The groom, who was acting the part of the guard, opened the door for her, and she went off in grand style.

Police Office, Marlborough-street, August 16.—Thomas Gutteridge was charged before the sitting Magistrate, with neglecting his duty as a servant, and cruelty to a horse. The prisoner is in the employment of Mr. Francis Harris, of Paddington, who is contractor as scavenger for the parish of St. James. He was sent out as usual on Monday last, with the carts, to collect the ashes in the parish. Mr. Malton, of Marshal-street, stated, that as he was returning home about three o'clock that day, he saw a dust-cart standing at the door of a public-house near his residence, and no one with it. The shaft horse fell down, and lay struggling for a few minutes, when the prisoner came out of the public-house, and, instead of attempting to disengage the unfortunate animal, began whipping him unmercifully, until he compelled him to rise under the cart (loaded with ashes), and even continued flogging him afterwards. The Magistrate committed him to the House of Correction for one month.

Swindling.——The following stratagems have been practised upon the inhabitants of Lancashire, by a person of the town of Bolton.

" R——h K—y, a native of the vicinity of Bolton, of indigent parents, by trade a weaver, and of dissolute manners, while sitting in company at a public-house, fell into conversation with two strangers,

 who

who told him, that a certain gentleman, a supposed native of Bolton, had lately died in their neighbourhood, to whose estate no heir could be found, and which, if not claimed in six months, would devolve to an old servant, according to the will of the deceased.—" Perhaps," says K—y, " it is my old uncle Mather?"—" Right," replied the two gentlemen, " by G—d, you are the heir to all!" The specious appearance of the strangers gained full credit to the tale, and numbers of the inhabitants, thinking it a good speculation, contributed towards the equipment of the indubitable heir with decent cloaths, and a sufficient sum of money, in order that he might undertake a journey to Gloucester, near which city the patrimony was said to lie.

" Accordingly he went the journey, and soon after returned, giving a splendid account of the hall and furniture, its vast hop-yards, and also the sum of 120,000l. lodged in the bank at Gloucester. The news spread; K. was dubbed Esquire, his children were sent to a boarding school, and numbers who would have disdained to notice an honest weaver, went to worship the newly-erected golden calf; in short, Mr. K. was invited to dinners, and he also, in return, had his feasts and his friends. After K. had thus rioted on the credulity of his townsmen, they became impatient for the pay day. The 15th of last May, was the time at which he was to enter upon his estate, and he commenced his journey for that purpose. After long and anxious expectation of his return, it was suspected that he had taken a final farewell of Bolton.—The conjecture proved true; for two gentlemen going in quest of the new 'Squire, found him a few days ago, at work in a coal mine. The two imposters with whom the plot was concerted have not been discovered. The sums swindled from various persons are supposed to amount to 6000l.—In millinery alone, 600l. was contracted. Marvellous as this tale may appear, we are assured of its truth; our informant, now a resident of this town, is just returned from Lancashire, of which county he is a native, and is also acquainted with several of the persons that have been cozened."

AQUATIC SPORTS.

Dogget's Coat and Badge—Were, on Tuesday, the 8th, rowed for a second time, in consequence of the first contest on the regular day having been declared foul. It was a most excellent wager. They did not start until about seven o'clock. Barrow and Godfrey took the lead; but they were intent on picking each other up; and at Westminster-bridge young Godfrey, of Strand-lane, gave in, in consequence of having wrenched his shoulder, which had been sprained in the original contest, when he was the leader. Jury, of Hermitage, who was the third, started forward at Milbank, and gained four or five boats' lengths in about five minutes. He continued the leader, and was in at the Old Swan at Chelsea, at about half after eight o'clock.

At the Norwich Annual Water Frolic, this month, the following boats started for the Silver Cup:—Mallard, Kerrison, Arethusa, Burtsall, and Jason Watts, which was won by the Mallard, after an uncommonly well contested heat with the Arethusa, from the place of starting to the winning stake.—Fortunately no accident occurred, which, owing to the squally weather, was much apprehended.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE HORSE—A SONG.

TUNE, 'THE RACE-HORSE,' BY DIBDIN.

EXULTING in strength, see how noble the Horse!
With his neck cloth'd with thunder, he gallops his course;
Of his nostrils the glory full terrible shews—
See, he paweth i' th' valley, unmov'd meets his foes.

With fierceness and rage, see, he swallow'th the ground,
Ha! ha! hark he neighs when the hoarse trumpet sounds:
In the battle, the thunder, and shout, he gains force—
How noble in nature, resistless, the Horse!*

See him, train'd to the road, draw the carriage along;
See him true to his work, 'mid the hubbub and throng;
You would scarce think a weight hung behind at his heels,
So swift, you discern not the spokes of the wheels.

See him led, meek and mild, whence he stood, at the rack,
And, saddled, his master mount feeble his back;
With health waning fast, he to him hath recourse,
And his friend and physician he finds in his horse.

Behold him draw slow the heap'd waggon i' th' road;
He firm takes the collar, and tugs on his load;
From morning to night, from the night to the morn,
With short seasons of rest, he his burden hath borne.

Or view him again, with firm pace draw the plow,
Or drawing the harvest home quick to the mow;
O! long might we find a fit theme of discourse,
The noble, the useful, the tractable Horse!

Ah! why, then, do we e'er behold him abus'd,
Ill-fed, over-work'd, and his Sabbath refus'd;
Back gall'd, and knees broken, sides panting with pain?
Ah, fatal mistake! thus to think to make gain.

Ye who own—ye who drive—ah! reflect, and be just;
Know, Providence lends his good creatures in trust;
And they who mis-use them, and ne'er feel remorse,
Must account unto Him who made both man and horse.

THE JEW STOCK-BROKER.

A Parody.

MY name is *Moses*: in theft-fam'd Rag-Fair
My father sells old clothes:—a bearded *Smouch*,
Whose constant aim was to humbug his buyers,

* Job, xxxix. 19—25. See a criticism on this passage, in the *Guardian*, No. 86.

And

And teach his only son—myself—to *cheat.*
But I had heard of Gambling, and I long'd
To lighten, with false dice, some sporting Lord.—
'Change-alley granted what my fate denied:
This moon, which rose last night, crook'd like my fingers,
'Pear'd not i' th' almanack, when in dark street,
A band of lucky bulls, from Garraway's hot,
Rush'd like a torrent down chaste Goodman's fields,
Rowing and breaking lamps.—The *Rabbis* fled,
To fetch their canes brass-headed:—I alone,
With breeches pack, and box of ladies' caxons,
Shuffled about the jolly dogs, and filch'd
Their pocket-books.—I sought Ben Israel,
Whom, with a troop of fifty perjur'd brokers,
I *Bank-ward* follow'd: the notes we parted.
Next morn we fac'd the *stock-encumber'd* foe—
We bought up Consols:—Ere a transfer made,
A bargain from my tongue *did-up* their chief,
Who held that day the *Scrip*, since in my name.
Returning home, half-groggy, I disdain'd
Th' old-clothes-man's *stitching* life; and having heard
The financier had summon'd all loan-jobbers
To bring their *rhino* to the Treasury side,
I left old Shylock's house, and stole with me
His fraud-earn'd bags to pay my quantum down
(Th' electric *spankers* which have *shirk'd* their masters!).
Intent on lies and rapine, I have prowl'd,
'Till, hell-directed, I a Bear became—
Th' accursed deed that *dickies* all my hopes!

THE SPARRING MATCH.

A Noted Englishman of fashion,
Took pleasure in a curious passion,
For racing maggots, trotting ponies,
To the great wonder of his cronies;
But most his natty name was quoted
As a great boxer, rum and noted.
All such as in this fun delighted,
T' his cottage-ornée were invited;
There lords and blackguards, on a par,
Drank claret, or were taught to spar.
An Emigrant—I think a Duke,
His invitation once partook;
He prais'd the treatment of his host,
But that which he admir'd the most,
And long'd to learn with his compliance,
Was sparring, that accomplish'd science.
The host politely, at the call,
Invited him to try a fall.
The servants soon the mufflers bring—
The company all form a ring;
When, like Big Bens, or Crabs, or Cribs,
He threw his guest, and broke two ribs.
The visitor, quite stunn'd and lam'd,
The friendly salutation blam'd.
The host said, when he'd play'd this prank,
"You've no one but yourself to thank:
Besides, I'd have you know," said he,
"You greatly are oblig'd to me:
I've twenty taught to spar, and more,
Yet never shew'd that trick before."

BADINE.

ODE TO A DEAD JACK-ASS.

BY MR. AMPHLETT.

AND thou art dead, poor patient Jack;
And feel'st "th' oppressor's wrong" no more;
No more thy bald be-ridden back,
Shrinking with never-resting sore,
Shall sand-bag press, nor galling pannier bear:
Thy tyrant lord no more shall chide,
The weary lingering road along,
While beating time upon thy hapless hide,
To his remorseless song.
And shall no honest tongue repeat
Thy woes? (a more than equal share)
Nor praise nor fame thy labours meet,
Who interval had none, from pain, and toil, and care?

Mild eve, which gave to other woes
The sweet oblivion of repose;
That sooth'd the sad, and freed the slave,
To THEE a varied sorrow gave;
Thy pack or panniers thrown aside,
Some little urchin Lord must ride,

Arm'd

Arm'd with a merciless, unbending stick;
And thou must trot and gallop too,
Now up the hill, and down the lane,
With blows I warrant not a few,
On galling wounds and smarting pain.
No efforts could appease thy foe,
No speed the urchin's rage could ward,
For whether thou went'st fast or slow,
It booted not thy tyrant Lord ;—
His blows would still continue hard and thick,
For still he needs must curb, and whip, and spur, and kick.

Oft have I seen thee, patient beast:
With pinion'd legs the bank-way graze,
And there on roots and briars feast,
No hope for thee of better days;—
While ev'ry lackless, loitering wight
Would pelt thy patience as he past;
But death, in dark forgetful night,
Has shut thy anguish'd eyes at last,
And clos'd thy long and lingering day of pain.
No more thy octaves thou shalt bray,
To welcome in the close of day;
That mov'd the load which on thee press,
And gave, at least, a *troubled* rest.
If aught of those, whose roving eye
These scatter'd tuneless lines may trace,
Should own the feelings they imply,
And drop a tear upon thy race,
Thy ashes then will not unblest remain,
Nor thou, alas! have died, nor I have sung in vain.

EDWARD AND ELLEN.

A modern Sonnet.

THE night in gloomy robe had long appear'd,
Ere Edward sought the path that pointed home;
More for his Ellen than himself he fear'd,
For she, alas! was little us'd to roam.

And now was seen the lightning's distant flash,
Its splendours spreading in th' horison's brow,
Whilst deep-ton'd thunder roll'd in awful crash,
Between the lurid lightning's fervid glow.

Poor Ellen shudder'd at the coming storm,
And, trembling, stagger'd on her homeward road,
Whilst Edward strove to guard his fair one's form,
'Till they should gain some shelt'ring, kind abode:

For she, poor maid—*was drunk!*—and Edward's care
Protected Ellen home from *Fairlop Fair!*

J. M. L.

EXTEMPORE LINES,

On seeing a drunken Postillion dismount in a Shower of Rain, to whip his Horses.

FORBEAR thy cruelty, ungrateful man,
Nor longer scourge the beast that's not thine own:
May pity move thy breast, if pity can,
For sure thy heart must be as hard as stone.

Know'st thou, vile mortal, in this very hour,
Thy cruelty has sought thy Maker's frown?
And did those beasts know half their vital pow'r,
They'd spurn thy tyranny, and crush thee down.

REUBEN VERITAS.

Homerton, Aug. 17, 1809.

THE ACTRESS.

A *Dasher*, four in hand who drove,
Fell with an Actress deep in love,
And come what would, that he might carry,
Had even half a mind to marry.
But, ere for better and for worse
He took her, lest she prove a curse,
He thought he might as well attend
To the tried counsels of a friend.
The friend awhile let him go on,
Heard all his reasons *pro* and *con*,
And answer'd gravely, " Since, you see,
Your case you thus submit to me,
I'll give the best advice I can:
You have two ways the thing to plan;
Marry the lady, if you choose,
And treat the town with nine days news:
Then for the long robe glorious sport;
Carry your horns into a court,
And there you'll set your mind at ease,
By getting swinging damages.

Or

Or, if you like such counsel better,
Since, as you say, you can't forget her,
Rather than garnish thus your hat,
For scorn to point his finger at,
Leaving such sport to stupid ninnies,
Give her—*as I did*—twenty guineas!

BADINE.

AN EPITAPH ON A MISER AND CHEAT.

OLD Skinflint here moulders!—he's dead and he's gone,
Whose heart, when alive, was as cold as a stone.
He ne'er felt compassion for other men's woe,
But alike turn'd his back on his friend and his foe.
Though his hoards were unnumber'd, he still wish'd for more,
And ne'er gave a farthing to succour the poor.
By lying and cheating, false measures and weights,
New houses he built, and he bought new estates:
He cheated in life, and he cheated in death,
Nor gave up this vice when he gave up his breath.
He cheated the worms of their long-look'd-for prey,
His bones had no flesh for their labour to pay,
So they gave up the point, and crawl'd empty away.

Learn, mortal! true wisdom from this wretched end,
And never on perishing riches depend.
Though rolling in wealth, yet this miser was poor,
For when Avarice entered, Peace fled from the door.
No Christian was he, as his life too well prov'd;
'Twas MAMMON he *worshipp'd*, 'twas MAMMON he *lov'd*.

THE ENTAIL.—A FABLE.

By the late Earl of Orford.

IN a fair Summer's radiant morn,
A BUTTERFLY, divinely born,
Whose lineage dated from the mud
Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,
Long hov'ring round a perfum'd lawn,
By various gusts of odour drawn,
At last establish'd his repose
On the rich bosom of a Rose.
The palace pleas'd the lordly guest:
What insect own'd a prouder nest!
The dewy leaves luxurious shed
Their balmy essence o'er his head,
And with their silken tap'stry fold
His limbs enthron'd on central gold.
He thinks the thorns embattled round
To guard his Castle's lovely mound,
And all the Bush's wide domain
Subservient to his fancied reign.

Such ample blessings swell'd the Fly!
Yet, in his mind's capacious eye,
He roll'd the change of mortal things—
The *common fate* of Flies and Kings!
With grief he saw how Lands and Honours
Are apt to slide to different owners;
Where Mowbrays dwelt now Grocers dwell,
And now Cits buy what Barons sell!
"Great Phoebus, Patriarch of my line,
Avert such shame from sons of mine:
To them confirm their roofs!" he said;
And then he swore an oath, so dread,
The stoutest Wasp that wears a sword
Had trembled to have heard the word;—
"If Law can rivet down Entails,
These Manors ne'er shall pass to Snails,
I swear:" and then he smote his ermine—
"These towers were never built for Vermin!"
A Caterpillar grovell'd near,
A subtle, slow conveyancer,
Who, summon'd, waddles with his quill
To draw the haughty insect's will.
None but his heirs must own the spot,
Begotten, or to be begot:—
Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties
To eggs of eggs of butterflies.

When lo, (how Fortune loves to tease
Those who would dictate her decrees!)
A wanton Boy was passing by;
The wanton child beheld the fly,
And eager ran to seize the prey;
But, too impetuous in his play,
Crush'd the proud tenant of an hour,
And swept away the *Mansion Flow'r!*

EPITAPH ON JOHN WRIGHT.

HERE lies John Wright, as queer a wight
As sleeps these tombs among:
Who, strange to tell! though *always Wright*,
Was *sometimes* in the *wrong!*